



CENTURY HISTORICAL READERS

THE
COLONISTS
AND THE
REVOLUTION





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THE COLONISTS
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CENTURY READINGS IN UNITED STATES HISTORY

THE COLONISTS AND THE REVOLUTION

EDITED BY
CHARLES L. BARSTOW

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THE COLONISTS
AND THE REVOLUTION

CONCORD HYMN

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument,
April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE COLONISTS AND THE REVOLUTION

THE GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES ¹

BY HELEN E. SMITH

In forming pictures of home life in the colonies, dates, places, and social classes must all be most carefully considered. The life conditions which prevailed in the New England colonies from 1620 to 1640 were by no means the same as those which prevailed in the same colonies during the next two decades, and in the other colonies they were at no time quite the same as in New England. The settlers of Virginia, Delaware and Maryland were not of the same creeds, either political or religious as those which prevailed in New England. They had more money and the climate had also its influence.

The Dutch held very similar religious and political views to those of the New England colonists, but their commercial instincts were stronger, their aggressiveness was less vehement, and their love of home comforts and knowledge of how to obtain them were much greater.

These first three sets of colonists had passed through their pioneer stages, and gathered around themselves a fair degree of all the accompaniments of civilization before the

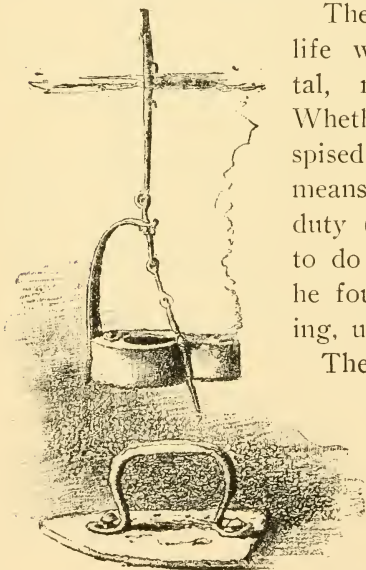
¹ Extracts from "Colonial Days and Ways."

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advent of the fourth distinct and considerable body of settlers. These were the refugee Huguenots.

In studying the lives of the early colonists these different origins should always be considered.

The Puritan—a political as well as a religious exile,—persecuted for his political views even more than his religious tenets, came here to found an empire where all his views should have room to expand. The harshness of the Puritan toward those who disagreed with him was tenderness and mercy compared to the “justice” meted out in old England at that period.



Colonial wrought-iron lamp and
sad-iron.

The conditions of the Puritan's life were hard but full of mental, moral and physical health. Whether gentle or simple, he despised no handicraft, neglected no means of cultivation, shirked no duty (nor did he permit any other to do so if he could help it), and he fought his way upward, unflinching, unrelenting.

The settlers of the fertile Southland were also principally of English blood, yet they differed widely from those of the sterile North. They were courageous, of course. Cowards did not cross the ocean in those days, when the sea and the wilderness

had real terrors for even the boldest. The love of liberty

was in their blood, and both the traditions of their past and the comparatively genial conditions by which they were surrounded gave them easy and comfortable views.

The Huguenot was devout, unambitious, affectionate of heart, artistic, cultivated, adaptable. He brought to us the arts, the accomplishments and graces of the highest civilization then known, together with a cheerfulness all his own. Not a colony, not a class but was ameliorated



Colonial cocked-hat.

by his influence. The home lives of all these different bands of colonists must have differed widely. None had luxuries and few had comforts, as we now understand these terms, but each had some possessions, some ways, some deficiencies, and some attainments which belonged to none of the others.

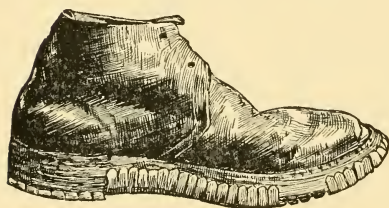
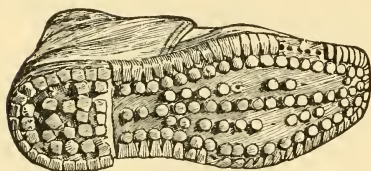
At one time there was a general impression that all the immigrant families of good standing had brought over with them many rich articles of furniture, much silver plate, and even many articles of porcelain. Later on it had to be acknowledged that nothing but the most essential of household furnishings could have been permitted on vessels which were already overcrowded with passengers and the animals which were essential to life and agriculture in the new land.

Rudimentary schools were defective in many ways, but the teachers did their best to make zeal atone for the lack of other essentials. Never from first to last did they cease to set the highest value upon intellectual cultivation or

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fail to use every means in their power to secure for their children the advantages of a "polite education," a phrase which is repeated hundreds of times in old letters.

The earliest New England dwellings were built of logs,



Colonial hob-nailed shoes.

soon superseded by the permanent homestead. The larger part of the best of the early permanent homesteads were much alike. Both the external walls and those of the partitions were of heavy timbers roughly squared by the ax, chinked with moss, and lined with hewn planks two inches in thickness. In later days coats of plaster were put on over

the planks, but during the first years the walls were made warm as well as picturesque by hangings of bear, deer, otter, wild cat, and fox skins.

The exterior walls were about two feet in thickness, which tells of the size of the forest trees which had been cut down to make them. The high-placed and deep-seated windows were scant in number, heavily barred and narrow. It is doubtful if the first of the windows were glazed. Even in old England it was only the wealthy who at this time could afford the luxury of glass. Oiled paper was the usual substitute to exclude cold with heavy and close wooden shutters both outside and inside. During the coldest weather it must have been necessary to depend for light,

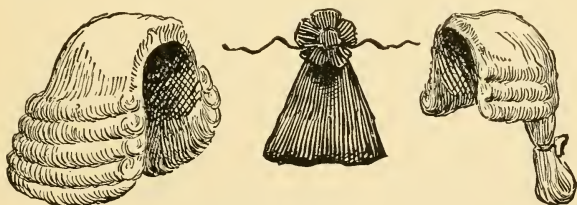
even in the daytime, upon the open fires, pine knots, and candles for at least the first two decades in each new settlement.

In the center of the house rose the great stone chimney, with wide fireplaces opening into three large rooms on the first story, and into four on the second story.

The second story, on the two longer sides projected considerably beyond the lower. In view of the constant danger from Indians, it is probable that the house was intended to be used as a fortress in case of necessity.

Not until well into the second half of the seventeenth century was furniture of any but the roughest sorts made in New England.

Scanty enough, according to our standard, were the plenishings of the wealthy houses of old England, and



Colonial wigs.

really pathetic was the scarcity here, of what were even then esteemed to be essential comforts in the older land.

Floor coverings were a rarity even in palaces and the sand and rushes which silenced the tread were as plentiful here as elsewhere.

Wooden dishes served on ordinary occasions in Old England as in New.

The real sense of privation was felt in things much closer to the needs of primitive man.

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Great, very great, must have been the sufferings from the cold and from the lack of suitable food. Hot water was not dreamed of as a beverage and the milder stimulants of our day had not been introduced. The earliest mention of chocolate in Connecticut is said to have been in 1679. Five years later coffee is first named, and tea not until 1695.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

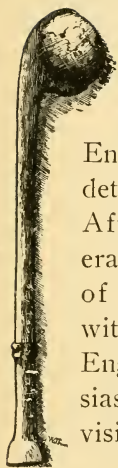
O Thou, that sendest out the man
 To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
 Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat
 Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hast taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought,—
 Who sprang from English blood!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE EARLIER INDIAN WARS

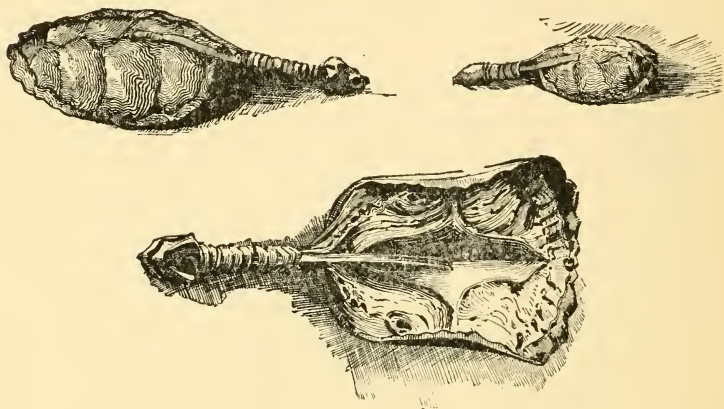
BY EDWARD EGGLESTON



Indian war
club.

The Virginia colony, in its early struggle with want, was saved from complete overthrow at the hands of the savages by the address of Captain John Smith, by the imperviousness of English armor to arrow-shots, and by the frightful detonations of matchlock guns and small cannon. After the marriage of Pocahontas there ensued an era of good feeling in which the confederated tribes of the Virginia peninsulas found it better to trade with white men than to fight them. Meanwhile, English religionists cultivated a sentimental enthusiasm about the Indians, founding a school and devising other things for the wild men as laudable in aim as they were impossible of execution. The eager pioneers, feeling secure and intent on opening ground for growing tobacco, planted their cabins farther and farther apart along the inviting river-banks. They traded with the savages for corn, and hired them to shoot with English fowling-pieces the great bronze-breasted wild turkeys, the innumerable pigeons,—whose flight by millions sometimes obscured the sky and was thought an omen of evil,—and the water-fowl that gathered in countless flocks upon the bays and tributaries of the James River. These Indian hunters lived in the houses of their employers, penetrated the mystery of European

habits, and became expert with fire-arms, so that the dread of the white man's magic charms and deadly thunderbolts wore away. Even the implacable old Opechancanough, who had come to the leadership on the death of Powhatan,



Indian rattles of turtle shell.

seemed to be friendly. He accepted a house from the manager of the college lands, and found no end of delight in locking and unlocking the door. The savages entered freely the isolated and unfortified cabins of the settlers without so much as knocking; they ate from the planters' supplies, and slept wrapped in skins or blankets before the wide-open fireplaces. The former hardships of the colonists were fast sinking into that happy oblivion which peace and prosperity bring.

But in 1622, on the 22d of March (Old Style), in the middle of the day, while the men were afield, the Indians fell upon the women and children in the houses and the men who worked unarmed abroad, killing the settlers with

their own axes, hatchets, hoes, and knives, hacking and disfiguring their dead bodies, and then, fortunately, pausing to pillage and burn the dwellings. The unutterable outrages on living and dead, so familiar in the history of Indian massacres from that time to this, appeared in this first onslaught. The plan had been well laid to exterminate or drive away every Englishman from the coast. One Indian of those dwelling among white men and under missionary influence was touched with compassion. As he lay upon the floor the night before the massacre, he received from a companion the authoritative command of his tribe to kill the master of the house in which he lived; but he rose and whispered a warning to his benefactor, who carried the tidings across the water into Jamestown, so that the authorities were able to check the Indians after three hundred and forty-seven Europeans had been slain. The savages had not quite lost their fear of the English; they turned back from every show of force, even from an empty gun in the hand of a woman.

One-twelfth of the whole colony had fallen, almost within a single hour. The Virginia planters had no countrymen on this side of the sea except the remote handful of famine-stricken pilgrims beyond Cape Cod; and this destructive blow appalled the colonists, and there was talk of fleeing to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake for security. But, under prudent leadership, the settlers were drawn together into the stronger places and made to present a compact and undaunted front. They built palisaded houses and carried their arms in the field and to church. A savage ferocity, born of resentment and terror, showed itself, and the white men did not scruple to treat a perfidious foe with shameless bad faith. How else could Eng-

lish soldiers, in cumbrous armor, ever come up with bowmen so fleet of foot and so light of baggage? Affecting to make peace, the English appointed the 23d of July, 1623, as a day on which to fall simultaneously upon the unsuspecting Indian villages, slaughtering the people, burning the wigwams, and cutting up the growing maize, so as to leave the savages to a winter of misery and starvation. Another attack was made in 1624, when eight hundred Pamunkeys and other Indians made a brave stand for two days, but were at length beaten by the odds of fire-arms and defensive armor.

In 1644, twenty-two years after this first massacre, when Opechancanough was shriveled and palsied with age, unable to stand on his feet or to open his eyelids without help, he was borne on a litter to command in a new attack. The Indians, hearing that there was civil strife in England, and having seen a battle between a king's ship and a parliament ship in the James River, thought it a good opportunity to make a clean sweep of the English. Five hundred were killed in two days, but the arrival of the governor with an armed force put the savages to flight. Opechancanough was afterward taken and carried into Jamestown, where a soldier appointed to guard him shot the unmollified centenarian, to whom were attributed so many woes.

Very different in origin and outcome from the Virginia war was the beginning of sorrows in New England. The Dutch purchased the Connecticut River country from the powerful Pequots, who had recently expelled the tribes formerly seated on its banks. Thereupon English settlers brought back the former owners, gave them the protection of an English fort, and from them acquired a rival title.

This inflamed the jealousy of the Pequots, some of whom made themselves amends by killing the unarmed crew of a trading boat from Virginia. The allies of the Pequots on Block Island also slew John Oldham, trading thither from Massachusetts.

Captain Endecott, afterward governor of Massachusetts, commanded the force sent out in 1636, with orders to bring these Indians to reason by putting to death all their able-bodied men. Endecott was very brave in chopping down May-poles, banishing churchmen, and hanging Quakers, but he was not so well suited to contend with Indians. On Block Island, he burned the combustible wigwams and cut to pieces seven canoes, but the nimble savages retreated to hiding-places according to their wont. Flushed with triumph, Captain Endecott then sailed to "Pequot Har-



From the lithograph in the New York Public Library (Samuel P. Avery collection)

White women attacked by Indians.

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bor"—now known as the mouth of the Thames River—in Connecticut. Here the Pequots outwitted him by keeping negotiations open until they could remove their families and household stuff. The English at length "beat up the drums" as a challenge to battle, giving fair warning to the fleet savages to get out of the way before the guns were discharged. The Pequots shot off some arrows and then ran away under fire. Endecott returned to Boston without losing a man or impairing the enemy's strength. The handful of settlers on the Connecticut, and the little garrison under Lieutenant Lion Gardiner at the mouth of that river, were left to endure as best they might the fury which this expedition had provoked. The insolence of the emboldened and enraged Pequots now passed all bounds. They made raids on the Connecticut settlers, killed and captured straggling soldiers from the fort at Saybrook, torturing every hapless white man that fell into their hands, and repeating within hearing of the garrison the cries, groans, prayers, and distressful ejaculations uttered by those whom they had tormented, mimicking and deriding their agonies, and wearing head-bands made of the fingers and toes of their victims.

In Maryland, a conflict with the tribes broke out about the time of the close of the Pequot War in Connecticut. The first contest with the Susquehannas seems to have dragged its indecisive course through thirteen years, and when peace was made with this tribe there was still trouble from some of the bands on the eastern peninsula. The records are so defective that we are only able to see occurrences in a sort of historic twilight; the Indian wars appear to be without beginning or end. We catch a dim vision of the gallant figure of Colonel Cornwayleys, "the

guardian genius of the colony," as, at a later period, we hear of the exploits of Colonel Ninian Beale. We are able to conjecture something of the distresses of the infant colony during a prolonged Indian war, to which were superadded religious dissensions, insubordination, and more than one revolution. Meanwhile, Virginia was never free for many years at a time from the scourge, and in 1656 her troops suffered a bitter defeat near the present site of Richmond, at a brook which still bears the name of Bloody Run.

In 1675, there came upon the thriving New England colonies that struggle between Indian ferocity and English endurance known as King Philip's War. Philip's father was Massasoit, the ally of the Pilgrims. His son and successor, Alexander — so called by the English — had been rudely put under arrest by the Plymouth authorities on suspicion of hostile intentions. Soon after his release he died, some thought of grief and humiliation. Philip, who succeeded his brother, was a typical Indian chief, arrogant and cringing by turns. It pleased his inordinate vanity to plot against the English, though he shrank from the actual collision, which appears to have been brought about at last, as so many Indian massacres have been, by the impetuous valor of the young warriors,—members of that fierce democracy known in the western tribes at the present time as "the soldiers' lodge"—a body which often carries the day against wiser counsel when war is in the making. But Philip's arrogance, matched by that of the General Court at Plymouth, rendered the collision inevitable sooner or later.

Had those in authority at Plymouth and Boston appreciated the immense advance in power which the Indians had



From the engraving illustrating Maximilian's travels (New York Public Library)

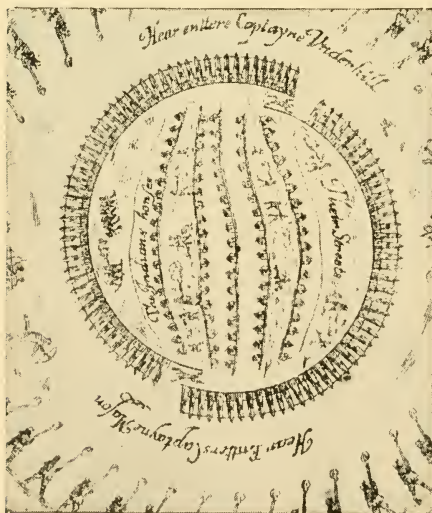
Indian stockade.

made in acquiring the use of the white man's weapons, they might have found means to avoid a conflict which presently brought upon them, in addition to Philip's Wampanoags, the Nipmucks of the Massachusetts middle country, the populous clans of the Connecticut Valley, the powerful Narragansetts of the coast south of Cape Cod, and after awhile the Tarranteens of the East. Little acquainted with Indian warfare, the white men fell into one ambush after another and suffered surprise after surprise. Marching in close order, the strength of a party was easily reckoned and its ranks readily cut to pieces by the skulking foe. "Our men," says Gookins, "could see no enemy to shoot at, but yet felt their bullets out of the thick bushes." For a long time there was little but disasters of sudden massacre and overwhelming defeat, of

families slain, hamlets in flames, and women and children carried into captivity. The Puritans sought to placate an angry deity by fasting and humiliations, and by laws against such abominations as the wearing of long hair by men and the wearing of short hair and too many ribbons by women. Young people were forbidden to drive together, and God was to be pleased by a renewed persecution of the Quakers. But, in spite of these reforms, Captain Hutchinson and sixteen men were cut off by an ambush near Brookfield; Captain Beers was slain with twenty of his men while on his way to Hadley; Captain Lathrop, attempting to reach Hadley a week later, was cut off with almost his whole troop of about a hundred men. Northfield and Deerfield were abandoned to be burned by the savages, and a considerable part of Springfield was destroyed. What seems now to have been a rather impolitic attack on the Narragansett stronghold resulted in victory, purchased by a loss so great that the slender military force of the colonies was staggered by it. The scattering far and near of the enraged warriors of this powerful tribe, homeless and famine-stricken in a bitter winter, only aggravated the sorrows of New England. In midwinter, Lancaster was destroyed and forty of its people slain and captured. The daring enemy penetrated to within twenty miles of Boston, and assailed Medfield and Weymouth. Almost the whole of the old colony of Plymouth was laid waste, Warwick in Rhode Island was destroyed, and Providence was partly burned. Pierce and his whole party of fifty fell by an ambuscade, Wadsworth and a like number were cut off in the same way; and so numerous and disheartening were the disasters, that the total depopulation of Massachusetts colony began to be feared.

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But, however inferior the colonists might be to the Indians in the skill needed for a forest war, it was soon shown in New England, as elsewhere, that civilization has superior staying quality. The infuriated savages at length exhausted themselves by the very energy of their attacks. Having no stores or resources, and no efficient organization, they could not hold together. As spring advanced, the Indians scattered in small hunting and fishing parties to avoid perishing. The Connecticut River tribes grew weary of wandering from place to place in hungry and continual terror of the persevering colonists, and Philip became unpopular as the author of their wretchedness; the Mohawks showed hostility to Philip, and the Nipmucks were overawed by the now successful white men. Philip and his immediate band doggedly returned eastward to their old haunt at Mount Hope. Here the first real frontier



Plan of a Pequot fort.

warrior of New England, Benjamin Church, at the head of a motley troop, was beating the savages at their own game of skulking, ambuscade, and surprise. The war was virtually ended in August, 1676, when Philip, seeking to make a timely escape from a swamp, as he had often done before, was killed by

one of his own Indians who had deserted to Church's party. Vengeance was wreaked upon his dead body, which was quartered and hung upon trees. One of his hands was delivered to the man who killed him, to be carried round for a penny peep-show, and his head was taken into Plymouth on a public thanksgiving day, and stuck upon a gibbet after

the barbarous fashion of that time. "God sent them the head of a leviathan for a thanksgiving feast," brags Cotton Mather, who, some years afterward, robbed the head of its jaw-bone, which he carried to Boston as a relic.

Never were thanksgivings more sincere than those offered in Plymouth and Massachusetts. Upward of two thousand Indians had been slain, the greater part of those who remained alive had been sold into West Indian slavery, and the danger to the colony had passed away. But never were public rejoicings more deeply tinged with regrets. The out-settlements were ruined; six hundred dwellings were in ashes; the accumulations of years had been wasted; and worst of all, the flower of Massachusetts' manhood — one-eleventh of all her able-bodied men — had been cut off untimely. Every family in the colony was in mourning.



Indian chief.

BY THE WATERS OF CHESAPEAKE

BY JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

It has been said, not unwisely, of this bountiful and accommodating bay, that it was at once the strength and the weakness of the people whom the fame of its ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, had attracted to habitation on its banks; for while it offered them prosperity and independence as free as grace, it lulled them into habits of insouciance and recklessness, made them improvident in their husbandry, and squandering in their hospitalities. For they were an epitome of all sorts and conditions of men, wherein the gentleman took his heartiness from the yeoman, and the yeoman his free-handedness from the gentleman, and both their pride of class and caste from sturdy British stock, jealous for its traditions and its ways. A robust, bluff folk, who kept their democracy alive among themselves, and impressed it upon all comers of whatsoever nationality who might ask for room and range among them, to make free with the fowls of the air and the fishes of the bay. For English ideas were dominant, and "the custom of the country" was wholly English from the day that Leonard Calvert set up his standard at St. Mary's,¹ and while the theory of government was es-

¹(The history of Maryland owes its interest not so much to striking events as to the continuity of old English institutions and ancient habits of local self-government. When the early colonists came to Maryland they invented no administrative or judicial methods. The old institutions of England were transplanted to Maryland and ac-

entially aristocratic, the strength in the best, the temper of the people was expressed in a sturdy democracy, grounded in common sense and good digestion.

To this day the Marylander to the manner born cherishes with filial piety the associations that cling to johnny-cake and potato pudding; he has never been reconciled to the gas-jet or the register, and fondly insists that an open wood-fire, candles, and a warming-pan are the true symbols of home.



The common people of this motley colony had come by their common sense "naturally," as children come by their mumps or measles; they had found it in vicissitude of fortune, in various hardships, in oppression and contumely, in the lot of the rebel, the convict, and the felon. There were those among them who bore the brand of the malefactor on the palms of their hands, and others with the brand of social outcasting seared in their hearts. The prodigal son jostled his elder brother on the deck of every ship that cleared from the Mersey or the Thames to let go her anchor in the Severn or the Chester.

Maryland, under the Baltimores, was the only colony that admitted convicts; she even welcomed them, for the

climatized. In the new soil they were modified and destroyed, or they were modified and perpetuated; but in either case there is perfect continuity between the institutions of colonial Maryland and those of the older country.) John Johnson, A.B., in "Old Maryland Manors": being No. vii of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in History.



The landing of Leonard Calvert at St. Mary's, 1634.

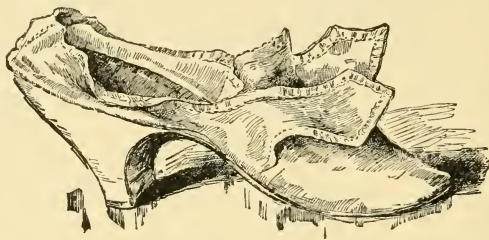
labor of their hands, for the outcome of their wits and acquirements, for their possibilities of rehabilitation. The indentured servant, the "redemptioner," or the "free-willer," saw at the end of his five or six years of servitude, "according to the custom of the country," his fifty acres of land, his ax, his gun, and his two hoes, besides a new suit of kersey, with stockings, "French-fall shoes," and a new hat; and for the women there were a skirt and waistcoat of penistone, a blue apron, a linen smock, two linen caps, shoes and stockings, and three barrels of Indian corn. As for those who were crimped and kidnapped in English ports, and carried away to the Chesapeake to toil in the tobacco-fields, they found themselves from time to time in company as choice as that which once welcomed ladies and gentlemen of quality to the superfine coteries of the Fleet Prison.

The baronial system of the Baltimores, which contemplated the establishment of a landed aristocracy, was in the strictest sense the rule of the landlord. Tracts of from one thousand to five thousand acres, bordering on the bay, were erected into manors, with the right to the lords to hold courts-leet and courts-baron, as on the manors of St. Clement's and St. Gabriel's. In this class we find the germ of a nobility, and next below it the body of gentlemen planters, "citizens of credit and renown," from whose ranks were chosen the justices and commissioners. Last of all, the tenants on the small manors, styled freeholders and suitors, and addressed as "Mr." by courtesy. Davis¹ describes the plantations as "the most striking feature on the face of society." Hardly a home or a tenement that

¹ George Lynn-Lachlan Davis: "The Day-Star of American Freedom." 1855.

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was not approached by water. Here were held the earliest courts and councils; governors, privy councilors, judges, all were planters. There were the merchants, too, trading with London, Liverpool, and other English ports. "And



Satin slipper of colonial period.

the large plantations, with their groups of storehouses, assumed the aspect and discharged the functions of little towns." But the spirit of the age was knightly. The progenitors of the manorial barons of Maryland had been gentlemen by virtue of their swords and spurs; letters were in slight request among them. Macaulay tells us that in England many lords of manors had hardly learning enough to sign a *mittimus*. And so our Maryland lords of the manor, a hundred years before the Revolutionary War, were commonly gentlemen who made their marks on deeds and records, when their scriveners and servants had done the vulgar writing. The sword was the symbol of distinction, not the purse or the pen; and those unlettered gentlemen were not the less conspicuous in council, or courtly in the assembly of dames, because they could not pen a nimble compliment or write themselves "Esquire."

Two or three generations later we find this same class educated, and solicitous for intellectual acquirement, proud

of their imported libraries (for the most part comprehensive and judiciously selected), and sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge. Nor has their influence been at any time superseded by that of the *nouveaux riches*. In no American city is a man's bank-book more lightly esteemed, or more grudgingly accepted as a social passport, than in Baltimore or Annapolis.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the smart and handy



Colonial secretary.

craft of the Chesapeake proceeded to show that they could fight as well as trade, and the port of Baltimore soon became the center of a system of privateering so formidable

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that the enemy had hardly learned to respect it before he began to fear it. The records show that between April 1, 1777, and March 14, 1783, two hundred and forty-eight vessels sailed out of the bay under letters of marque — “and this with a British fleet at Hampton Roads and inside the Capes nearly all the time.” The gallant *Chasseur*, armed with twelve guns, manned by one hundred officers and men of Maryland, and commanded by Captain Thomas Boyle, made a true viking's record, capturing eighty vessels, of which thirty-two were of equal force with the privateer, and eighteen superior in guns and men.

These Chesapeake privateers and letters of marque were as hornets and wasps in the face of the enemy. They fought and captured ships and smaller craft at the very gates of his ports, in the British and Irish channels, off the North Cape, on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, in the East and West Indies, and in the Pacific Ocean.

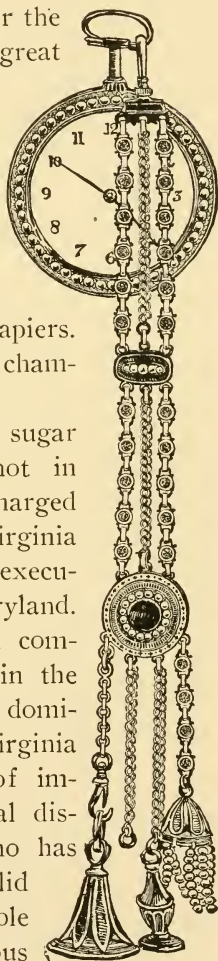
In 1832, in Baltimore, a stage started from Barnum's Hotel daily for Philadelphia, via York, Harrisburg, and Lancaster; but the route most approved by people of condition was by the *George Washington* or the *Constitution* steamboat, up the bay to Frenchtown; thence by frisky little coaches on a crazy little railroad to Newcastle on the Delaware; and thence by boat again to Philadelphia — “through in ten hours.” This was the route which was especially affected by foreign dignitaries, Federal officials, senators and representatives, flitting between Washington and the North. Those were famous repasts that were served to distinguished men and brilliant women at the captain's table in the saloon of the *George Washington*. Here the great “Expounder of the Constitution” hobnobbed with “Harry

of the West," and talked of "compromise" across the deviled crabs.

The gentry of colonial Maryland, under the rule of the earlier Calverts, lived on the great plantations in dwellings that were accessible by water. The bay and rivers were almost their only highways, and the obliterated little thorp of St. Mary's, founded on the site of an Indian village, was their only city. At home they sat on stools and forms and dined without forks, cutting their meat with their rapiers. But their walls were wainscoted and their chambers comfortably bedded.

Tea and coffee they rarely tasted, and sugar was a luxury. Cattle stealing was not in fashion; only a sheriff in tent was once charged with the offense, while a governor of Virginia was convicted; neither was there ever an execution for witchcraft in the province of Maryland.

While the colonists of New England commonly dispensed with brick and stone in the construction of their snug and friendly domiciles, the planters of Maryland and Virginia built themselves substantial structures of imported brick and aspired to architectural distinctions. One to the manner born who has written with loving knowledge of these solid and sincere old houses, has told of the noble joining of the roof; of the deep, capacious window seats and hearthstones; of great halls that greet you with the largest wel-



Watch and chain of colonial period.

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come; of stairs that glide rather than climb to the floor above where is the dancing hall . . . and without, the arbor and dove-cote and the prim box-edged garden, with its walks so decorous and Dutch-like, but gorgeous with lilacs and snowballs, hollyhocks and wallflowers.

On the broad porch of the manor-house, of an afternoon, the planter and his comely dame dozed in their rocking chairs, while the tall clock in the hall ticked with the conscious dignity of leisure.



A SETTLER IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY RICHARD TOWNSEND (1682)

At our arrival in Pennsylvania we found it a wilderness; the chief inhabitants were *Indians*, and some *Swedes*; who received us in a friendly manner: and though there was a great number of us, the good hand of *Providence* was seen in a particular manner; in that provisions were found for us, by the *Swedes*, and *Indians*, at very reasonable rates, as well as brought from divers other parts, that were inhabited before.

Our first concern was to keep up and maintain our *religious worship*; and, in order thereunto, we had several *meetings*, in the houses of the inhabitants; and one boarded meeting-house was set up, where the city was to be, near *Delaware*; and, as we had nothing but love and good-will, in our hearts, one to another, we had very comfortable meetings, from time to time; and after our meeting was over, we assisted each other, in building little houses, for our shelter.

After some time I set up a *mill* on *Chester* creek; which I brought ready framed from *London*; which served for grinding of corn, and sawing of boards; and was of great use to us. Besides, I, with *Joshua Tittery*, made a net, and caught great quantities of fish; which supplied ourselves and many others; so that, notwithstanding it was thought near three thousand persons came in the first year, we were so providentially provided for, that we could buy

a deer for about two shillings, and a large turkey, for about one shilling, and *Indian* corn for about two shillings and six pence per bushel.

And, as our worthy Proprietor (William Penn) treated the *Indians* with extraordinary humanity, they became very civil and loving to us, and brought in abundance of venison. As, in other countries, the *Indians* were exasperated by hard treatment, which hath been the foundation of much bloodshed, so the contrary treatment here hath produced their love and affection.

About a year after our arrival, there came in about twenty families from high and low *Germany*, of religious, good people; who settled about six miles from *Philadelphia*, and called the place *Germantown*.—The country continually increasing, people began to spread themselves further back.—

About the time, in which *Germantown* was laid out, I settled upon my tract of land, which I had purchased of the Proprietor, in *England*, about a mile from thence; where I set up a house and a corn mill;—which was very useful to the country, for several miles round:—But there not being plenty of horses, people generally brought their corn on their backs many miles. . . .

As people began to spread, and improve their lands, the country became more fruitful; so that those who came after us, were plentifully supplied; and with what we abounded we began a small trade abroad. And as *Philadelphia* increased, vessels were built, and many employed. Both country and trade have been wonderfully increasing to this day; (1682) so that, from a *wilderness*, the Lord, by his good hand of providence, hath made it a fruitful field.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

FAMILY RELATIONS

“A man,” wrote Franklin, “who makes boast of his ancestors doth but advertise his own insignificance, for the pedigrees of great men are commonly known”; and elsewhere he advised: “Let our fathers and grandfathers be valued for *their* goodness, ourselves for our own.”

Franklin's inquiry into the history of his family resulted in the discovery that they had dwelt on some thirty acres of their own land in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, upward of three hundred years, and that for many generations the eldest son had been village blacksmith—a custom so established previous to the removal across the Atlantic that the first immigrant bred up his eldest son to the trade in Boston. Fate, having other uses for Benjamin, carefully guarded him from Vulcan's calling by making him the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations.

Benjamin, the “tithe,” or tenth, of Josiah's sons, born January 6, 1706, outlived them all. From his father he derived a heritage difficult to measure, but two of his qualities were singled out by the son as specially noteworthy: “a sound understanding and solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and publick affairs,” and a “mechanic genius” in being “very handy in the use of other

tradesmen's tools." "It was indeed a lowly dwelling we were brought up in," wrote one of the children, many years



Franklin seal.

after, "but we were fed plentifully, made comfortable with fire and clothing, had seldom any contention among us, but all was harmony, especially between the heads, and they were universally respected, and the most of the family in good reputation; this is still happier living than multitudes enjoy."

As this might indicate, Josiah Franklin, despite his struggle with poverty and his huge family, was a good parent to his youngest boy, giving heed to his moral, mental, and temporal beginnings. After such brief term of school as he could afford the lad, he took him into his own shop, till Ben made obvious his dislike to the cutting of wicks, the hanging of dips, and the casting of soap. Taking pains then to discover his son's preferences, he finally apprenticed him as printer's devil to his son James.

Jane and Benjamin outlived all their brothers and sisters, and Franklin, upon the death of one of the last, said to her: "Of these thirteen there now remain but three. As our number diminishes, let our affection to each other rather increase."

At seventeen years of age the runaway apprentice had left his family; from that time he saw but little of them.

As agent for Pennsylvania, and as minister to France, Franklin was, save for two short home-comings, continuously in Europe from 1757 to 1785, and necessarily separated from his wife, and, except as already narrated, from his children and grandchildren. Yet of all his kith and kin he was undoubtedly truly fond, not merely as relatives, but as companions, and not to one does he seem to have been lacking in interest and kindness.

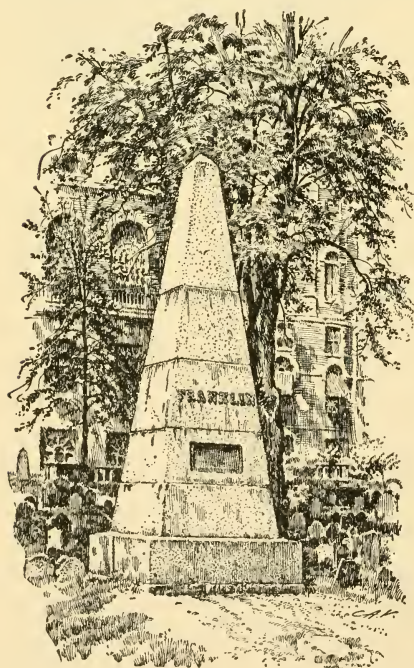
AS POLITICIAN AND DIPLOMATIST

“The first mistake in public business is the going into it,” remarked Poor Richard, and the worldly-wise sage was speaking from the “experience” which keeps a “dear school,” for Franklin, when he penned the sentence, had been over twenty years a public servant. The admonition, however, was little heeded, for he continued to hold office almost unceasingly to the end of his days. “I have heard,” he said, “of some great man whose rule it was, with regard to offices, *never to ask for them, and never to refuse them*; to which I have always added, in my own practice, *never to resign them*.”

Franklin's entrance into politics may be said to date from his beginning to print the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, for he relates: “The leading men, seeing a newspaper now in the hands of one who could also handle a pen, thought it convenient to oblige and encourage me,” and they gave him, as already told, the public printing. The same year he secured the favor of the populace in another way. “About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money,” and Franklin, taking advantage of it, “wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet . . . entitled ‘The Nature and Necessity of a Paper-Currency,’” which “was

well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it, for it increas'd and strengthen'd the clamor for more money, and they happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slacken'd, and the point was carried by a majority in the House." In his twenty years' active labor at his press, the printer succeeded in making it a producer of wealth; but at this time he had yet to learn the lesson that value is made by material and labor, and not by words and promises. Later in life his intercourse with Hume, Price, Turgot, Mirabeau, and, most of all, with Adam Smith, who sub-

mitted each chapter of his "Wealth of Nations," "as he composed it," to Franklin for discussion and criticism, opened his eyes to the truths that every paper dollar issued banishes or takes out of circulation a metal one, so long as there is one left, and that beyond that, however the printing-presses may be worked, there will be no more money, the total value of the mass decreasing as rapidly as the volume is swelled, and in excessive issues tending even to fall so sharply as to pro-



Franklin's monument to his parents,
Boston, Mass.

duce an actual contraction, not augmentation, in the standard of value. "I lament with you," he told a friend, in speaking of the Continental currency, "the many mischiefs, the injustice, the corruption of manners, etc., that attended a depreciating currency. It is some consolation to me, that I washed my hands of that evil by predicting it in Congress, and proposing means that would have been effectual to prevent it, if they had been adopted.

"I now began," Franklin relates, "to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs," and in succession set about methods for bettering the city watch, the fire service, and somewhat later, the cleaning and paving of the streets. In 1737, as already told, he was made postmaster of Philadelphia, which brought him forward yet more prominently. But most of all it was his pamphlet, "Plain Truth," which, though it "bore somewhat hard on both parties . . . had the happiness not to give much offense to either," that may be said to have made a public man of him.

From his election to the Assembly dates the real beginning of Franklin as a political influence, yet in a very brief space of time he made himself one of the dominant factors. Entering the arena on the question of public defense, he was quickly in opposition to the Penn brothers, the proprietors of the colony, the moot point being the question of taxing the proprietary lands.

Warmly attached as Franklin was to Pennsylvania, he seems never to have been swayed by local interests, as was so common in his time. As early as 1751 he foresaw that a union of the colonies was necessary, and was thinking out methods for overcoming provincial prejudices and antipathies, while marveling that the "Six Nations of ignorant savages should be capable of forming a scheme for such an

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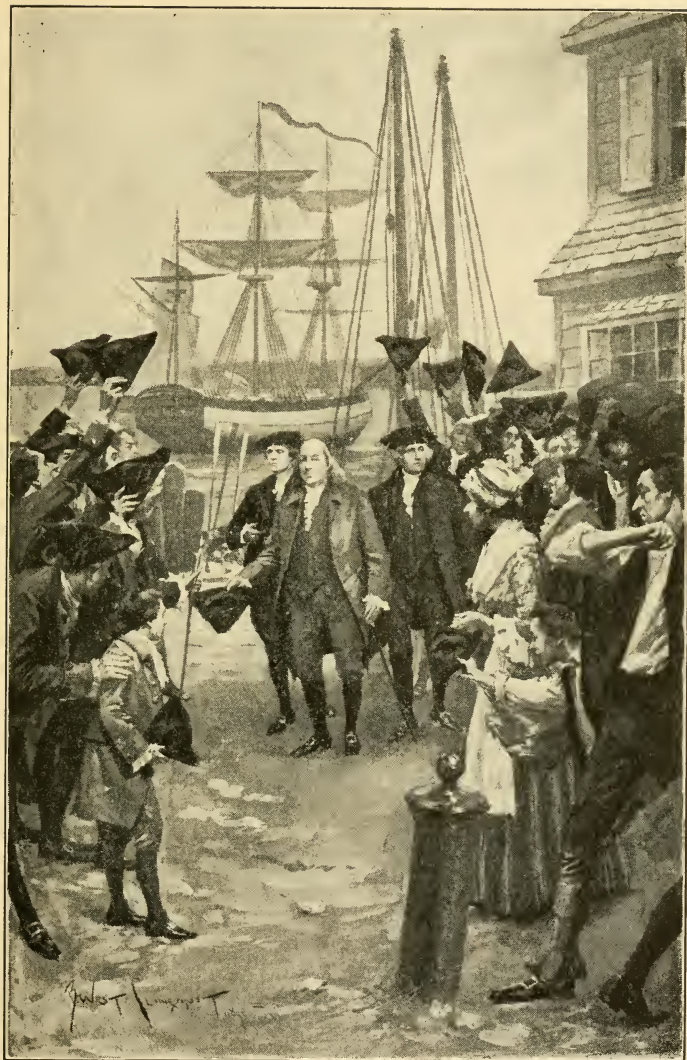
union, and be able to execute it in such a manner, as that it has subsisted ages, and appears indissoluble; and yet that a like union should be impracticable for ten or a dozen *English* colonies, to whom it is more necessary and must be more advantageous, and who cannot be supposed to want an equal understanding of their interests."

Franklin was a warm partizan of the connection between Great Britain and her colonies. Even after the Stamp and Revenue acts should have shown him how selfishly bent on her own narrow interest the mother-country was, he ascribed those measures solely to a corrupt Parliament, and expressed the hope that "nothing that has happened, or may happen, will diminish in the least our loyalty to our Sovereign, or affection for this nation in general." Thus he wrote when America was ablaze with opposition to the parliamentary acts, but still he could assert:

And yet there remains among the people so much respect, veneration, and affection for Britain, that, if cultivated prudently, with a kind usage and tenderness for their privileges, they might be easily governed still for ages, without force or any considerable expense. But I do not see here a sufficient quantity of the wisdom that is necessary to produce such a conduct, and I lament the want of it.

In answer to the charge that the colonies desired independence, he replied: "The Americans have too much love for their mother-country."

"This people, however, is too proud, and too much despises the Americans, to bear the thought of admitting them to such an equitable participation in the government of the whole." "Every man in England," he complained, "seems to consider himself a piece of a sovereign over



Franklin landing at Market Street wharf, Philadelphia, on his return from France, 1785.

America; seems to jostle himself into the throne with the King, and talks of *our subjects in the colonies*," and with real indignation he charged that "angry writers use their utmost efforts to persuade us that this war with the colonies (for a war it will be) is a national cause, when in fact it is a ministerial one." The British, he maintained, "have no idea that any people can act from any other principle but that of interest; and they believe that three pence in a pound of tea, of which one does perhaps drink ten pounds in a year, is sufficient to overcome all the patriotism of an American."

If but the people could be kept quiet for a time, Franklin held, the outcome could not be doubtful. "It must be evident," he affirmed, "that by our rapidly increasing strength, we shall soon become of so much importance that none of our just claims of privilege will be, as heretofore, unattended to, nor any security we can wish for our rights be denied us."

However much he might counsel moderate opposition and even temporary submission, he did so because he believed it the most certain way of obtaining justice from Great Britain, and not because he thought her conduct either prudent or justifiable. Long before the attempt to tax the colonies, and, so far as known, before any other American had protested against such a course, he claimed that "It is supposed to be an undoubted right of Englishmen not to be taxed but by their own consent given through their representatives."

How strongly he felt the rights of his native land was shown by something else he wrote at this time, in which he asserted that :

I can only judge of others by myself. I have some little property in America. I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend the right of giving or refusing the other shilling, and, after all, if I cannot defend that right, I can retire cheerfully with my little family into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger.

As Franklin had been among the first to suggest a union of the colonies under Great Britain, so he was foremost in advocating their immediate union in their contest with the mother-country; and long before the majority of Congress saw the wisdom of the purpose, or were even willing to consider it, he drafted and laid before that body his Articles of Confederation, the first true step toward a national union. In the politics of Pennsylvania, too, he wielded a most dominating influence, for it was chiefly through his exertions that the old Penn charter was abrogated, and a new republican constitution obtained in its stead.

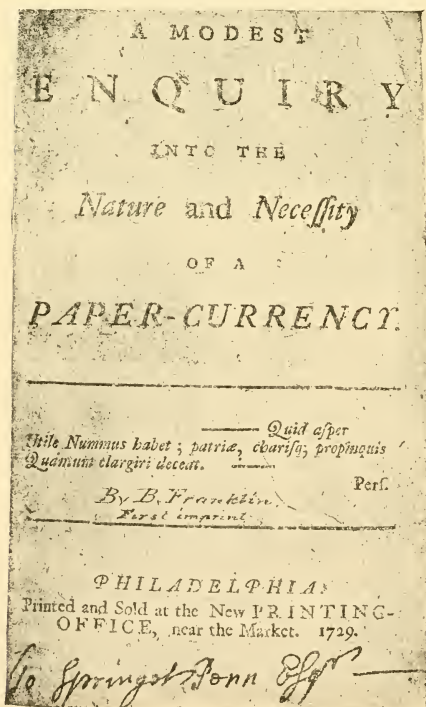
Vital as were his labors in local politics, in the Congress, in Canada, at Cambridge, and at Staten Island, he was more needed, and in fact seems to have been preordained by nature and training, for another service. Once the war, from being an attempt to wrest rights from an acknowledged sovereign, became a conflict to maintain independence, the new-formed country turned for assistance to France, then the great enemy of Britain. Almost alone of the congressmen, Franklin had traveled in that country, and had both friends and repute there. Even more important, however, was the fact that already semi-approaches had been made to him by those in authority. Years before, when the excitement over the new doctrine of colonial taxation

was sounding a warning which the British people would not hear, there were others quick to heed the murmur of discontent and complaint, and to recognize in it a means for injuring their foe as they had never yet been able to do.

When Franklin was sailing across the Atlantic, one of three commissioners sent to beg the aid of France, an English friend chided him for disloyalty. He replied:

I was fond to a folly of our British connections, and it was with infinite regret that I saw the necessity you would force us into of breaking it. But the extreme cruelty with which we have

been treated has now extinguished every thought of returning to it, and separated us for ever. You have thereby lost limbs that will never grow again.



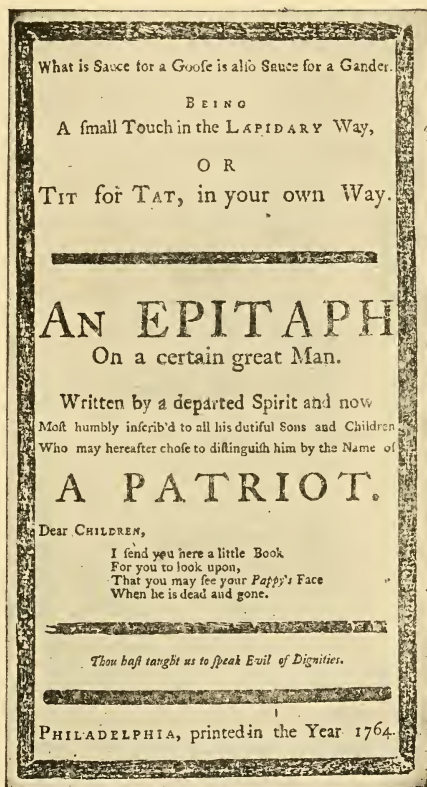
It has been said of Franklin by the historian of American diplomacy that he must be considered the one true diplomat America has ever produced; and when his services, and the circumstances under which they were rendered, are weighed, the statement seems justifiable. Almost from the moment of his ar-

rival in Paris, he came to exercise an influence with the then French ministry which can hardly be exaggerated.

AS WRITER AND JOURNALIST

Franklin's grandfather on the maternal side, and his uncle, were both confirmed scribblers of rime, and therefore it was seemingly preordained by heritage and by example that he should write.

On a March night in the year 1722, or when the lad was sixteen years of age, he slipped a paper under the door of what James Franklin advertised as his "Printing-House over against Mr. Sheaf's School, near the Prison," and then stole away. The next day, as the apprentice stood at his type-case, he could hear his brother consulting with the "ingenious men among his friends, who amus'd themselves by writing little pieces" for the paper, as to who could be the author of the sheets with the humble signature of "Silence Dogood," and it is easy to imagine his pride



Political pamphlet against Franklin.

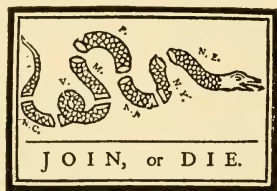
when he heard the essay praised by them; when the piece appeared in all the glory of type in the *New England Courant*, and when his eye met the notice in the same issue that "As the favour of Mrs. Dogood's Correspondence is acknowledged by the Publisher of this Paper, lest any of her Letters should miscarry, he desires they may be deliver'd at his Printing-Office, or at the Blue Balls in Union street, and no questions will be ask'd of the Bearer."

The wandering life of the runaway apprentice gave slight opportunity for the cultivation of his pen-talent, and, save for his little "wicked tract," the succeeding years were lean ones in production. But once Franklin was established in Philadelphia as a printer, the tendency to write redeveloped, and proved of real service to him. In the first year of the new firm he wrote a little pamphlet on a local issue, entitled, "The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency," and the opposition "happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it," the party in favor of an issue of paper money carried their point in the Assembly. "My friends there, who conceiv'd that I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very profitable jobb and a great help to me. This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write."

Franklin's share in the *Gazette* was far more than gathering news. The editorial was a yet unknown feature of journalism, but he often added to his items little comments or explanations. When there was an empty column, he wrote an essay, letter, poem, or anything else to fill it. Forestalling modern journalism, he asked a question, and then proceeded to answer it at length.

Far more than a good style went to make up Franklin's

success as a writer. Poor Richard had distinct literary ease; he was never at a loss for an aphorism, simile, or story to illustrate or strengthen an argument; could take another man's idea and improve upon it; could refute a whole argument by a dozen words scribbled in the margin, and imitate other and bygone styles of writing at will. On this facility he drew heavily as he stepped into public life.



Print by Franklin.

The stock argument of the English writers who maintained that Parliament possessed supreme authority over America was that the colonists, had they remained in Great Britain, would have been absolutely subject to its laws, and that emigration had not changed this condition. To show the utter absurdity of this claim, Franklin drafted what purported to be an edict of the Prussian king, which began in due form, "Frederic by the Grace of God, King of Prussia, etc, etc, etc.," and then continued:

Whereas it is well known to all the world, that the first German settlements made in the Island of Britain, were by colonies of people, subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions, under the conduct of Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uffa, Cerdicus, Ida, and others; and that the said colonies have flourished under the protection of our august house for ages past; have never been emancipated therefrom; and yet have hitherto yielded little profit to the same; and whereas we ourself have in the last war fought for and defended the said colonies, against the power of France, and thereby enabled them to make conquests from the said power in America, for which we have not yet received adequate compensation; and whereas it is just and expedient that a revenue should be raised from the said colonies in Britain,

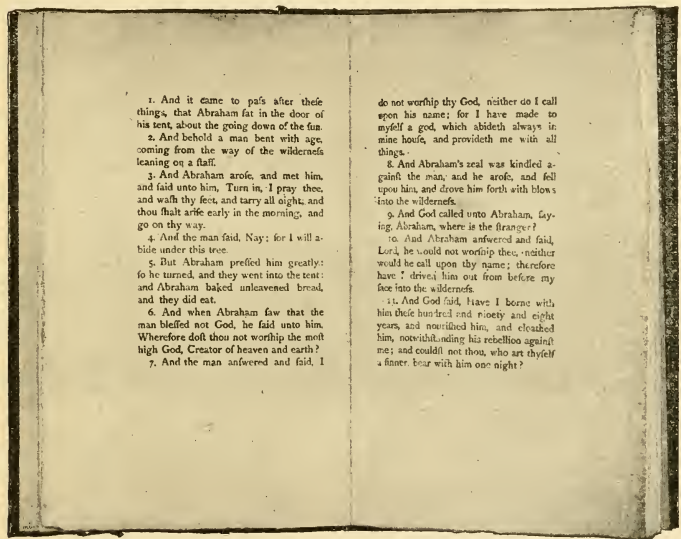
towards our indemnification; and that those who are descendants of our ancient subjects, and thence still owe us due obedience, should contribute to the replenishing of our royal coffers (as they must have done, had their ancestors remained in the territories now to us appertaining); we do therefore hereby ordain and command, that, from and after the date of these presents, there shall be levied and paid to our officers of the *customs*, on all goods, wares, and merchandises, and on all grain and other produce of the earth, exported from the said Island of Britain, and on all goods of whatever kind imported into the same, a duty of four and a half per cent *ad valorem*, for the use of us and our successors.

The edict, its author affirmed, was written to attract attention by its "out-of-the-way" form as "most likely to take the general attention," and in this it was an entire success. It was printed in the *Public Advertiser*, and Franklin wrote a friend that he could not send him one, because "though my clerk went the next morning to the printer's and wherever they were sold," the edition of the paper had been exhausted. In consequence, the piece was reprinted by request in a subsequent issue, and was generally reprinted in other papers and in the magazines. "I am not suspected as the author," the cozenor told a correspondent, "except by one or two friends; and we have heard the latter spoken of in the highest terms, as the keenest and severest piece that has appeared here for a long time. Lord Mansfield, I hear, said of it, that it *was very ABLE and very ARTFUL indeed*; and would do mischief by giving here a bad impression of the measures of government; and in the colonies, by encouraging them in their contumacy. . . . What made it the more noticed here, was that people in reading it were, as the phrase is, *taken in*, till they had got half through it, and imagined it a real

edict, to which mistake I suppose the king of Prussia's *character* must have contributed."

The autobiography, the most famous of all his writings, is of peculiar interest, not merely as a story of his life, but because it is his only real endeavor to write a book.

To judge Franklin from the literary standpoint is neither



Franklin's fictitious chapter of the Bible usually styled a parable against persecution.

easy nor quite fair. It is not to be denied that as a philosopher, as a statesman, and as a friend, he owed much of his success to his ability as a writer. His letters charmed all, and made his correspondence eagerly sought. His political arguments were the joy of his party and the dread of his opponents. His scientific discoveries were explained in language at once so simple and so clear that plow-boy

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and exquisite could follow his thought or his experiment to its conclusion. Yet he was never a literary man in the true and common meaning of the term. Omitting his uncompleted autobiography and his scientific writings, there is hardly a line of his pen which was not privately or anonymously written, to exert a transient influence, fill an empty column, or please a friend. The larger part of his work was not only done in haste, but never revised or even proof-read. Yet this self-educated boy and busy, practical man gave to American literature the most popular autobiography ever written, a series of political and social satires that can bear comparison with those of the greatest satirists, a private correspondence as readable as Walpole's or Chesterfield's; and the collection of Poor Richard's epigrams has been oftener printed and translated than any other production of an American pen.

Yet Franklin himself asserted:

He that can compose himself, is wiser than he that composes books.



PHILADELPHIA

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

States and cities exist to make families comfortable, because this makes children comfortable. Unless the children are comfortable now, the next generation will fare ill. If you are comfortably seated; if you have light enough on these lines; if the air about you is pure; if you find the house you are in a true home, be it large or small; if the street is safe for you at all hours of the day or evening; if it is, as nearly as may be, like a village street, quiet and clean, and not like a city street, noisy and noisome; if there is room for you to play outside the house, and room inside its walls to amuse yourself; if you are fed and warm, and happy—above all, if you feel in your house an atmosphere of security, and understand in a dim way that father and mother own the spot called home and are safe there, then, as far as you are concerned,—and to the extent that this is true as far as all children are concerned,—the United States is a success. Unless there are a great many more of you children enjoying all I have said than are without such comforts, then the United States is a failure, no matter how big, or how rich, or how populous it may be, or how glorious its history. The United States is here first, and chiefly, not to make history, as you might imagine from your school histories, but to make families and their children comfortable in houses of their own. Failing to do that, it fails in all.



Philadelphia in 1720.

I propose to tell you of a city which for more than two hundred years has grown so as to make families more and more comfortable; so as to set each in its own house; so as to make life easier and easier for the average ordinary family which is neither rich nor poor, which wins its way by work, owns the roof over its head, and stands secure in modest, unquestioned independence. Philadelphia is a dingy city by the side of Paris; it is outdone by most of the world's centers in all by which the world reckons greatness; but no city that is, or ever was, has done more to make families, and therefore children, comfortable.

Philadelphia came late among American cities. It was founded 58 years after New York, 50 years after Boston. The voyage had few risks, and no suffering. William Penn, in 1681, came on no exploring expedition. For almost the first time in history, a new city was to be laid out by amicable purchase, and not by conquest. We are used to this now. It was an altogether new thing two hundred years ago. The day for Indian fighting along the coast was practically over. The sea-coast was known. There were no discoveries to be made. The land was secure. England held it without a rival. The little Dutch and Swedish settlements on Delaware Bay, and Philadelphia's future site, were glad to come under the English flag. Almost the only trace left of either is the Swedes' church, the oldest

in the city, for all the world like those you may see on Swedish fiords to-day.

Penn sat in London over maps and plans, and laid out his new city on paper just as "boom" towns are laid out to-day in the West and South. He knew the ground. He understood its advantages. No seaboard river carried navigation so far inland. The Southern rivers were shallower.



Old map of Pennsylvania.

The Hudson ended in impenetrable forest. On the Delaware vessels stopped between the fattest fields along the whole coast. The very soil of the narrow peninsula between the Delaware and the Schuylkill is the only fertile



Old Swedish church.

city site on our coast. It lies far enough south to gain the teeming life of fin and feather that fills the coasts and waters of the south Atlantic. You can still stand on the steps of Independence Hall on a still October day, and hear the crack of fowling-pieces among the reed-birds on the river.

Within the memory of men not old the chief meat-sup-

ply of the city was fattened on the flat rich farms which make up the "neck" where the Delaware and the Schuylkill meet. The land around Philadelphia is to-day a vast kitchen-garden. It always has raised more food than any area as large around any other of our great or growing cities. Lastly, just beyond these two rich river valleys lie the first Western wheat-fields, in the fertile stretch of Delaware, Chester, Montgomery, and Lancaster counties.

The farms of these counties fed the army of Washington. His baker-general was a Pennsylvania German, Christopher Ludwig, who after a youth spent in fighting the Turk on the Danube, sold gingerbread to the boys of the Revolution, in Letitia Street. Beginning by baking bread at Valley Forge, he ended by baking six thousand pound-loaves for the surrendered army of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Uncle Sam's wheat-farm, which has cheapened the world's bread, began at the doors of Philadelphia. It was the first city to get rich selling wheat. Pennsylvania farms gave it the first big, rich, thickly settled "back-country," on whose trade an American city grew great. Under the first President Adams, Lancaster, Pa., was the biggest American city back of the sea-coast. In 1890 instead of the first it was the sixty-first of such cities in population.

All this meant foreign trade and swift growth for Philadelphia. In its first forty years it grew faster than any other American city in its first hundred. It was the Chicago of the last century. In twenty years 2500 houses went up. The like was never seen before. It has often happened since. Money was made easily. A bright boy of seventeen like Benjamin Franklin could walk up Market Street in 1723 with two loaves of bread under his arm, and brains in his head, and in fifteen years become rich. Five



Portrait of William Penn in his
twenty-second year.

years later he had retired from business, and had begun flying the kite, the spark from whose string told the world that electricity and lightning were one. In a town given to money-making, he stopped money-making at forty years of age and did something better—he served his fellowmen: He made scientific discoveries; he invented a new stove; he got together the first American scientific

society; he started a fire-company; he organized the Philadelphia police; he founded a library; he helped start a university; he turned men's thoughts to books, study, and knowledge. When the Revolution came he was old and rich. He put all at stake in his country's service. He was the only American who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Peace, and the Constitution. He gave Philadelphia the one other thing which makes cities great: in him a great man had walked her streets.

Franklin's fortune was not the only one made in Philadelphia, a hundred and fifty years ago, in a trade as large as that of any two other American cities. Fifty years after Philadelphia was founded, it built the largest public building any American city had ever erected, the State House, now Independence Hall,—as it has to-day, in its city hall, the most costly. The Declaration of Independence was is-

sued from the Pennsylvania State House because it was natural for the Continental Congress to meet in the largest, the wealthiest, and the most thriving of American cities, and to sit in the most imposing building in the thirteen colonies. It was not until the Erie Canal gave New York the trade of the West beyond the Alleghanies, that it became a larger city than Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, first of American cities, received people skilled in all the crafts of central Europe, which two centuries ago was ahead of England in making things. It is not now. If you will open your Physical Geography at the map of Europe, you will see a deep groove right down the Rhine to Lake Constance, and then by the Rhone to the



Penn's house in Letitia Court.

Mediterranean, while another groove runs east by the Danube. This groove, in the Middle Ages, when the pirate

Norsemen closed the seas to peaceful folks, was the great highway of Europe. In it sprang up earliest cathedrals, universities, and factories. Right from the center of this industrial channel, there came to Philadelphia a German

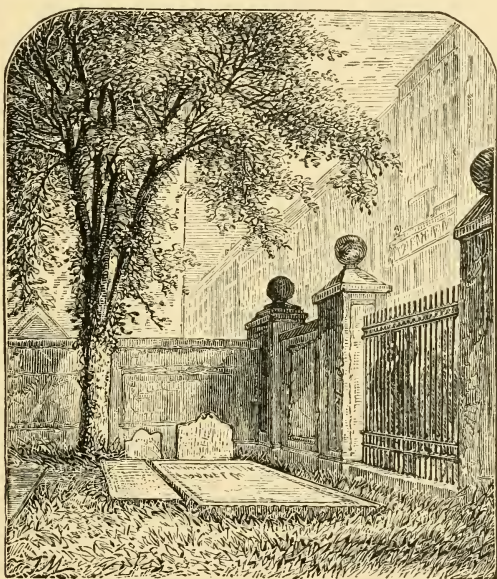


Independence Hall, at the time of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

immigration, skilled in weaving, in iron, and in all the industries of two hundred years ago.

The English immigration, also, while it was led by Quakers,—good business men all, people who paid their debts, told no trade lies, and had one price for all,—was made up of men and women from the cities of southern England. At that time, pretty nearly all the cities and most of the manufacturers of England were in its southern half. They

are not now. While New England and the South drew their immigration from country England, the incomers to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania were from the cities, the stores, and the shops of south England. When you look on the map of Philadelphia to-day, you see London names



Franklin's grave, Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

— Richmond, Kensington, and Southwark; and the largest places near are Bristol and Chester, named after the busiest ports of England in the seventeenth century. When you have your big town, some one must own the land and the houses. If a few own them, the many will not like it. They ought not to like it. In a city where everything is right, every family will own something. That city is most near to the right thing where the most peo-

ple own something. This will not come about unless the laws are right. The laws are not good unless bread is cheap, unless men have skill in their work, and are of saving habits, and unless land is cheap, the city plan good, and wrong-doers are locked up at once. But all these things will not bring about the right city, in which most people own something, unless the laws make it easy for a man who works with his hands to buy the house he lives in. If a man owns that, he will be interested in looking after his home and will not complain because some one else is richer than he is.

Cheap food and industry will not make the families in a city comfortable unless a city has room to grow, is well planned, and wisely governs itself. Philadelphia is fortunate in all three respects. The site is flat. All directions are open to growth. It is not cramped by river and bay, as are Boston and San Francisco. It is not on an island, as is New York. Swamps do not hedge it in as they pen Chicago. Building land, city lots, have always cost less and been more nearly of about the same price in its different quarters, than in any other city of a million people ever seen. The growth of the city has never been crowded. It has spread out in two- or three-story fashion over an occupied area which comes close to that of London itself. English towns, laid out on the lines of old Roman camps, with a Broad and a High street crossing each other at right angles, and lesser streets crossing each other checkerboard fashion, gave Penn the thought of his plan for Philadelphia.

THE WALKING PURCHASE

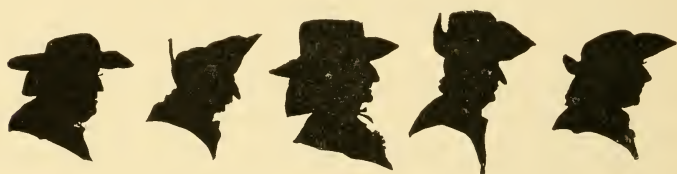
BY GEORGE WHEELER

In the early twilight of a September morning, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, a remarkable company might have been seen gathering about a large chestnut-tree at the cross-roads near the Friends' meeting-house in Wrightstown, Pennsylvania. It is doubtful whether any one of us could have guessed what the meeting meant. Most of the party were Quakers in wide-brimmed hats and plain dress, and if it had been First-day instead of Third-day, we might have thought they were gathering under the well-known tree for a neighborly chat before "meeting." Nor was it a warlike rendezvous; for the war-cry of the Lenni-Lenape had never yet been raised against the "Children of Mignon" (Elder Brother), as the followers of William Penn were called; and in a little group somewhat apart were a few athletic Indians in peaceful garb and friendly attitude. But it evidently was an important meeting, for here were several prominent officials, including even so notable a person as Proprietor Thomas Penn.

In 1686, fifty-one years before this, William Penn bought from the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians, a section bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west by the Neshaminy, and extending to the north from his previous purchases "as far as a man can go in a day and a half." No effort was made to fix the northern boundary until the Indians, becoming uneasy at the encroachments of the set-

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tlers, asked to have the line definitely marked. On August 25, 1737, after several conferences between the Delawares and William Penn's sons, John and Thomas, who, after their father's death, became proprietors of Pennsylvania, the treaty of 1686 was confirmed, and a day was appointed for beginning the walk. This explains why the crowd was gathering about the old chestnut-tree in the early dawn of that day, September 19, 1737.



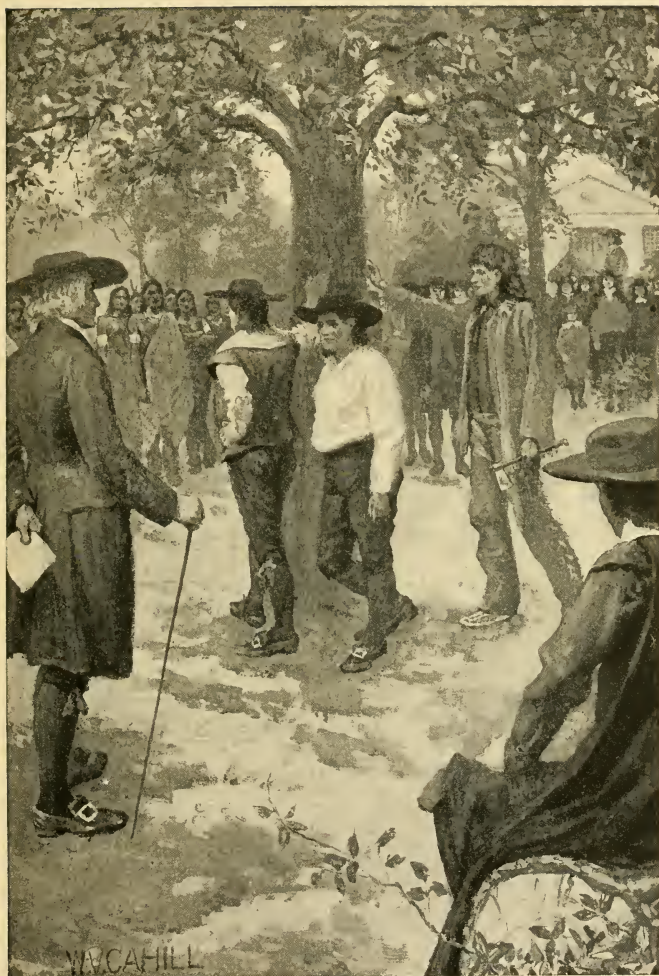
Philadelphia colonists.

“Ready!” called out Sheriff Smith.

At the word, James Yeates, a native of New England, “tall, slim, of much ability and speed of foot,” Solomon Jennings, “a remarkably stout and strong man,” and Edward Marshall, a well-known hunter, over six feet tall, and noted as a walker, stepped from the crowd and placed their right hands upon the tree.

Thomas Penn had promised five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land to the walker who covered the greatest distance; and these three men were to contest for the prize. Just as the edge of the sun showed above the horizon, Sheriff Smith gave the word, and the race began.

Yeates quickly took up the lead, stepping lightly. Then came Jennings, accompanied by two Indians, who were there to see that the walking was fairly done. Closely following them were men on horseback, including the sheriff



The three men stepped from the crowd and placed their right hands upon the tree.

and the surveyor-general. Thomas Penn himself followed the party for some distance. Far in the rear came Marshall, walking in a careless manner, swinging a hatchet in one hand, "to balance himself," and at intervals munching a dry biscuit, of which he carried a small supply. He seemed to have forgotten a resolution he had made to "win the prize of five hundred acres of land, or lose his life in the attempt."

Thomas Penn had secretly sent out a preliminary party to blaze the trees along the line of the walk for as great a distance as it was thought possible for a man to walk in eighteen hours. So, when the wilderness was reached, the walkers still had the best and most direct course clearly marked out for them. The Indians soon protested against the speed, saying over and over: "That's not fair. You run. You were to walk." But the treaty said, "As far as a man can *go*," and the walkers were following it in letter, if not in spirit, as they hurried along. Their protests being disregarded, the Indians endeavored to delay the progress by stopping to rest; but the white men dismounted, and allowed the Indians to ride, and thus pushed on as rapidly as ever. At last the Indians refused to go any farther, and left the party.

Before Lehigh River was reached Jennings was exhausted, gave up the race, and lagged behind in the company of followers. His health was shattered, and he lived only a few years.

That night the party slept on the north side of the Lehigh Mountains, half a mile from the Indian village of Hoken-dauqua. Next morning, while some of the party searched for the horses which had strayed away during the night, others went to the village to request Lappawinzoe, the

chief, to send other Indians to accompany the walkers. He angrily replied: "You have all the good land now, and you may as well take the bad, too." One old Indian, indignant at the stories of how the white men rushed along in their greed to get as much land as possible, remarked in a tone of deep disgust: "No sit down to smoke; no shoot squirrel; but lun, lun, lun, all day long."

Scarcely had the last half-day's walk begun before Yeates, who was a drinking man, was overcome by the tremendous exertions and intemperance of the previous day. He stumbled at the edge of Big Creek, and rolled, helpless, down the bank into the water. When rescued he was entirely blind, and his death followed within three days.

Marshall still pressed on. Passing the last of the blazed trees which had hitherto guided him, he seized a compass offered by Surveyor-General Eastburn, and by its aid still continued his onward course. At last, Sheriff Smith, who for some time had frequently looked at his watch, called, "Halt!" Marshall instantly threw himself at full length, and grasped a sapling. Here was the starting-point for the northern boundary of the purchase of 1686, sixty-eight miles from the old chestnut-tree at Wrightstown, and very close to where Mauch Chunk stands to-day. The walk was twice as long as the Indians expected it to be.

Unfortunately for the Delawares, they knew too little of legal technicalities to notice that the deed did not state in what direction the northern boundary was to be drawn. They naturally expected it to be drawn to the nearest point on the Delaware. But the surveyor-general, to please Penn, decided that the line should run at right angles to the direction of the walk, which was almost exactly northwest.



The Indians protested against the speed.

Draw a line from Mauch Chunk to the Delaware so that if extended it would pass through New York City, and another to the point where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet. The first is the Indian's idea of the just way to lay out the northern boundary; the second is the line which Surveyor-General Eastburn actually finished marking out in four days after Marshall's walk ended.

And so the three hundred thousand acres which the Indians would have given to the Penns as the result of Marshall's walk were increased to half a million by taking selfish advantage of a flaw in the deed.

The Lenni-Lenape had loved and trusted William Penn because he always dealt openly and fairly with them. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." But the wrongs inflicted on them in the "walking purchase" aroused the deepest indignation. "Next May," said Lapawinzoe, "we will go to Philadelphia, each one with a buckskin to repay the presents and take back our land again." It was too late, however, for this to be done.

At last, in 1741, the Indians determined to resort to arms to secure justice. But the Iroquois, to whom the Delawares had long been subject, came to the aid of the Penns, and the last hope of righting the wrong was gone forever.

There seems a sort of poetic justice in the latter experiences of the principal men in the affair. Marshall never got his five hundred acres of land, and his wife was killed in an attack by the Indians. Eastburn was repudiated by Thomas Penn, and his heirs were notified that they "need not expect the least favor." Penn himself was brought before the king and forced to disown many of his acts and agents in a most humiliating manner.

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But all this did not repair the injury to the Delawares, and they never again owned, as a tribe, a single inch along the river from which they took their name.

A small monument, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society, marks the spot where the old chestnut-tree formerly stood. In order that this might not seem to condone an unworthy deed, the monument was dedicated, not to those who made or conducted the walk, but to the Lenni-Lenape Indians—"not to the wrong, but to the persons wronged."

The inscription on the stone reads:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LENNI-LENAPE INDIANS,
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS REGION,
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT
THIS SPOT, THE STARTING-
POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK,"
September 19, 1737.

DUTCH CHARACTERISTICS

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

The general characteristics of the Dutch as contrasted with the English settlers of North America are interesting. None is more striking or more admirable than the Dutchman's broad-mindedness in matters of conscience and opinion.

In the statute-books of New Amsterdam certain pages were honorably blank which in those of Boston were closely inscribed, sometimes in letters of blood. New Amsterdam, for instance, had no undemocratic sumptuary laws distinguishing between the permissible attire of the richer and the less rich. It did not fight against the joys of "tobacco-taking." It did not forbid "unprofitable fowling, dancing, card-playing," and other possibly innocent forms of amusement, but only said they should not be pursued during service time on the Sabbath. It did not believe in witches; and it left the affairs of a man with his God to be settled by God and the man.

Religious liberty and equality, in our modern and American sense, did not exist even in Holland, the one existing republic of the seventeenth century. But the generous religious tolerance which did exist there was so phenomenal that it brought out scorn and wrath from every other land, and from men of every sect — from the English Protestants, who profited greatly by it, as well as from continen-

tal Catholics and Lutherans. And the temper of New Netherland was the temper of its fatherland.

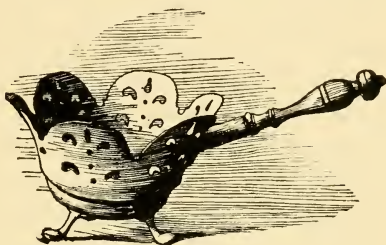
Every one knows that a government like that of early Massachusetts, integrally uniting Church and State, could have been built on none but a stiff sectarian basis. But it should be remembered that this government was the outcome, not the cause, of Puritan intolerance. The differing spirit of New Netherland was not rooted in its differing form of government. It ran back of this to the spirit of Dutch Protestantism at home. If the Dutch of the New World had been allowed to rule themselves, as were the men of Massachusetts Bay, they would have planted no theocracies; and it hardly needs to be said that the workings of New England theocracies were hateful in their eyes. Holland's large-heartedness excited Puritan rage; but Puritan narrow-mindedness provoked New Netherland's wonder and contempt. Loud Dutch laughter must have greeted the report of ordinances such as that which empowered the Massachusetts General Court to proceed against all holders of erroneous or unsafe opinions, carefully tabulated to the number of eighty-two; and we can guess what Dutch common sense and Dutch hospitality thought about the case of the respectable "gentlemen" who, as Governor Winthrop recounts, came to Boston's doors in 1630, but were "turned away" because they could produce no ecclesiastical "credentials."

In New Netherland the official theory was that only the State Church, the Reformed Church of Holland, should be supported or definitely countenanced by the government, and that, if the government should see fit to forbid any other forms of public worship, they should be held unlawful. But in practice complete toleration was allowed. No pro-

hibitions of any sort were formulated until Governor Stuyvesant got the chance; then he was not supported by his own people, and was rebuked and restrained by his superiors in Holland; and in New Netherland the question of orthodoxy never complicated the question of political liberty, as it did in Massachusetts and New Haven.

In the time of Governor Kieft New Amsterdam and the neighboring settlements gladly received as permanent residents all the heretics who were forced or who chose to fly from Massachusetts — those who had openly assailed the sacro-sanctity of its government, as well as those who had confined themselves to transcendental theorizings. Governor Winthrop says that many people left Massachusetts at this time because of hard material conditions.

With all their faults, the Puritans were the finest product of seventeenth-century England. John Milton spoke of their emigration to New England as “the departure of so many of the best”; and even their adversaries in State and Church realized what the motherland was losing when they sailed in such numbers, and tried to restrict the swelling tide. If Holland had likewise sent its very best, and by the tens of thousands, New Netherland might have outstripped New England in material and in intellectual ways; for the best Hollanders of that time had most of the virtues of the Puritan without his deep defects. But Hollanders were nowhere planting colonies for the sake of founding



Chafing dish used by early Dutch settlers.

new commonwealths, or for the sake of the colonies themselves — only for the sake of the profit to be derived from them. And those who emigrated were not going in throngs because of political or religious discontent. They were being sent abroad in very small bands because of the service they might render to Holland's commerce, and, through this, to its growing jealousy of England and its long-cherished hate of Spain; and it was hard to find any who would consent to go. Ready enough for adventurous trade or war, the Dutch of the first half of the seventeenth century were not ready for colonization. Those who liked a settled life were perfectly satisfied at home.

Moreover, while pioneer life almost always bears its own peculiar crop of evils, the softer sins of civilization cannot flourish in its wild soil. Early Manhattan cannot have been a place where fools or cowards were many, and it certainly was not a place where plethoric citizens habitually smoked and dozed and boozed in chimney-corners — this poor, cold, stunted, harassed, and often half-staved little outpost in the wilderness, with an unfamiliar climate, uncleared lands, and ever-possible Indian foes to fight, dependent upon a trust of tradesmen for sustenance and defense, and upon these tradesmen's employees for guidance. There was not much humor in a situation like this. There can have been nothing feebly comic about the major part of the people who bore with it.

By nature the Dutch were more gentle and tolerant than the English, and they were also more inclined by their special needs to a policy of friendship with the natives. The Puritans did not long depend upon the fur trade as a main resource. Tilling their fields and fishing their seas, they soon prized the Indian's absence more than any wares

that he could bring. But the New Netherlanders craved nothing so much as the skins of wild creatures, and could more easily obtain them by bartering with wild hunters than by shooting and trapping on their own account in tangled forests and deep and rapid streams. So they conciliated the Indians as middlemen between themselves and the beaver, and also the only men who in times of dearth could furnish them with food. The West India Company in Europe, and almost all its colonists in America, were fair and honorable in their attitude toward the savage, buying his lands, respecting his customs, and beliefs, keeping the treaties they made with him, and, as Mr. Fernow writes¹ regarding him "as a man with rights of life, liberty, opinion, and property like their own." To this policy, wisely followed by the English when they became the owners of New Netherland, "we owe," says the same historian, "the existence of the United States." That is, we owe our national existence to the fact that, generation after generation, the powerful Iroquois tribes formed a steady bulwark against the aggressions of the Canadian French, enabling the English to retain New York, the "pivot province," and eventually to win in the great conflict which ended on the Plains of Abraham and under the walls of Montreal—the conflict which made the continent English, and, at the same time, so drew the colonies together that they could combine to throw off England's yoke.

¹ In "Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America."

LIFE ON A COLONIAL MANOR

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH ¹



HE holder of an American manor in colonial days, though of the highest social rank, was by no means an idle aristocrat living on an immense estate paying a proportionate revenue. In fact, if one of the wealthiest, he was also one of the busiest men of his generation. Both the conditions of the times and those upon which the manors were conferred made this a necessity. The manor granted to Robert Livingston in 1686 was almost, if not quite, as large as some of the German principalities of those days, and its possession implied a certain amount of extraneous wealth on the part of its owner to enable him to sustain his manorial authority with the fitting degree of power and prestige; but it was no sinecure.

Mr. Livingston's great domain, situated in what are now Columbia and Dutchess counties, New York, fronting for twelve miles along the Hudson River, and enlarging to the length of twenty miles on the Massachusetts border, thirty miles or so back from the river, was still, for the most part, a wilderness where Indians hunted the deer, or sometimes fired the hut and took the scalp of a too adventurous pioneer.

Robert Livingston was a far-seeing, politic man. As

¹ From "Colonial Days and Ways."

much as might be, he made friends of the wild tribes, paying them fairly for their lands, without regard to the fact that the royal grants were supposed to preclude any such necessity, and himself learning, and causing his sons to learn, the Indian tongues, that they might be delivered from the misunderstandings which were so frequent when the several parties to any agreement were dependent upon the not always certain loyalty of the interpreters.

Nothing in North America was then so plentiful as land, and under the conditions imposed by the royal grants a poor man could not have afforded to accept a gift of the lordiest manor of them all. Within a specified time a certain number of families had to be brought from Europe and settled upon the granted territory, and their maintenance for the first few years assured. It is true that the settlers thus brought were expected to pay back at least a part of the first expenditure, but for the time the outlays were heavy, and comparatively few of the settlers made the losses good.

Farms were leased for long terms, usually for two lives and a half, a period which at that time was said to have averaged about fifty years.

In his novel of "Satanstoe," one of the most reliable of historical tales, Cooper says: "The first ten years no rent at all was to be paid; for the next ten the land [five hundred acres] was to pay sixpence currency per acre, the tenant having the right to cut timber at pleasure; for the remainder of the lease sixpence sterling was to be paid for the land and £40 currency or about \$100 per year for the mill site. The mills to be taken by the landlord, at 'an appraisal made by men,' at the expiration of the lease; the tenant to pay taxes." The mill was evidently to be built

by the tenant, "who had the privilege of using, for his dams, buildings, etc., all the materials that he could find on the land." To the landlords belonged the duty of constructing roads and bridges, and of making all improvements of a public nature. The rents were usually if not always paid in the produce of the land, which the manor's lord was obliged to get to market at his own expense in order to obtain the necessary cash for his varied undertakings. Such an arrangement would certainly seem to have been very liberal toward the tenant, and was doubtless so esteemed at the time, but in after years, when the descendants of the first tenants had forgotten the heavy advances which had been made by the ancestors of their landlords, and saw how easily the more recent settlers could make homes for themselves in the West, they considered them-



Habit of an Ulsterman, in 1650

Colonial gentleman,

selves unjustly treated, and instituted the struggle for possession which is known to history as the "anti-rent war."

Of course, nothing of all this was foreseen at the beginning. The first manor lords undoubtedly thought that they were here founding immense holdings after the fashions of the motherland, and they proceeded in a thoroughly business-like way to make all things secure for the prosperity of their heirs, who, when their time came, did not fail to appreciate what had been done for them.

Governor William Livingston of New Jersey, writing to his brother, the third lord of the Upper Manor, in 1775, remarked: "Without a large personal estate and their own



Colonial wigs.

uncommon industry and capacity for business, instead of making out of their extended tract of land a fortune for their descendants, our grand-parents and parents would have left us but a scant maintenance."

In this expression Governor Livingston seems to have included the manor ladies as well as their lords, and indeed it is plain that the very desirable "capacity for business" was equally needed by both, and the "hand of the diligent that maketh rich" is not an exclusively masculine possession.

The first lady of the manor of Livingston was Alida, the daughter of Philip Pieterse Schuyler, and widow of the Rev. Nicholas Van Rensselaer. Whatever dower in money or lands she may have brought to the aid of her astute second husband she surely brought one still better in the sturdy Dutch qualities of fidelity, thrift, and manage-

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ment. For warmth and strength of family affection, both Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston were long remembered among their descendants.



Colonial Collar.

The year of this marriage, 1683, was that in which young Robert Livingston made his first purchase of land from the Indians—a tract of two thousand acres. Two years later more land was added by purchase, and still one year later came the grant from the crown, when the whole was erected into a lordship or manor, conferring the “Court-Leet,” “Court-Baron,” and other rights and privileges which were for a long time more visible on the parchments than elsewhere.

On this estate of more than one hundred and sixty thousand acres,¹ on the banks of a small but for a short distance navigable tributary of the Hudson, was erected the first Livingston manor-house. Its last vestige disappeared more than a hundred years ago, when the present family residence, known as Oak Hill, was built, a mile or more from the ancient site.

Of the first house we only know that it was “thick walled, low browed and heavy raftered,” after the then prevailing Dutch farm-house type, only much larger than was usual. We do not know that it was constructed in any way for defense, although it well might have been. Probably its builder trusted to keep the peace by his just and friendly dealings with the Indians, and he may also have been prepared for defense. He certainly had good reason

¹ Charles Carroll of Carrollton, writing in 1776, says that the Livingston Manor then comprised over 300,000 acres. This must have included almost 150,000 acres which had been gradually added by purchase to the original manorial grant.

to trust somewhat to the number of retainers gathered around him, a majority of whom, like all frontiersmen, would pretty surely be well armed against "big game," which would as surely include aggressively inclined Indians, if any there were; but this does not appear. From the rear of the broad-roofed dwelling stretched away the quarters of the slaves, the other outbuildings, and several barns, some of which were larger than the house itself.

There was much building of houses at various suitable points for the use of the tenant farmers and craftsmen brought from Great Britain, Holland, and Germany. To supply the timber for these dwellings sawmill machinery was imported and set up on the banks of the streams in the midst of the forests. Near these mills little settlements grew up with a celerity that was remarkable for the time, and spoke volumes for the executive and administrative ability of the manor's active lord. In a long, semi-detached wing of the manor-house carpenters and masons were fed and lodged during the long winters, while they did such preparatory work as might be possible to forward building operations in the various settlements in such moments as the weather would permit. With the adaptability of all true pioneers, these men could turn their hands to many things, and they manufactured in the manor's



Colonial spectacles.

workshop and smithy many of the tools which otherwise must have been imported, as well as much of the rude furniture for the pioneer houses. Near by was the grist-mill which supplied flour and Indian meal to all the near settlements, as well as to many outside the manor for perhaps thirty miles up and down the river. On the home

farm hundreds of swine and beef cattle were raised, slaughtered, and cured to supply scores of resident families and also for exportation. Here the wool of many hundreds of sheep was sheared, carded, spun into yarn, and woven into blankets and cloths to be used for the manor household and by those of the tenants not sufficiently "forehanded" to do this work for themselves.

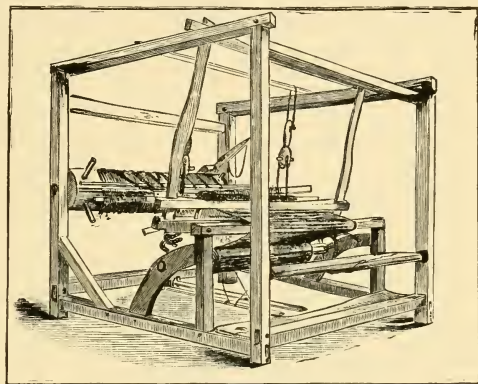
In one room of the "great house" were held courts where all the difficulties common to frontier populations were adjusted, and in the same room were carried on the primitive banking operations of the newly opened region.

Near by were the docks, whence, when the river was open, sloops were weekly departing, laden with salted meats, grains, peltries, and lumber, or returning with cargoes of all the countless things which could not yet be produced at home. Among these were many articles of luxury and rich household furnishings which must have seemed a trifle incongruous with their new surroundings.

Not far away stood the big "store," where all sorts of things, from wrought-iron nails to silks, and from "West Indian sweetmeats" to Dutch garden seeds, were sometimes sold for money, but often bartered for country produce and peltries, which would soon find their way to New York, and some ultimately to England, in ships owned by the enterprising Robert Livingston.

All these various branches of business implied the coming and going of many persons, and entailed an open-handed hospitality of the widest kind. For this the principal care and oversight fell upon the capable shoulders of Mrs. Livingston. It is traditionally related that the number of permanent dwellers which the manor-house roof sheltered during the first twenty years of the eighteenth

century averaged something over thirty persons — this being exclusive of slaves, of whom there were more than a hundred having outside quarters, and of white employees. As strangers were always welcome, it was the custom to have beds of all sorts in a state of complete readiness for at least ten unexpected guests, while, at a pinch, a good many more could be accommodated without great inconvenience.



Colonial loom.

The first manor of Livingston, with its many activities, its profuse hospitalities, and its strong contrasts, reminds one of Scott's descriptions of the rude baronial halls in the remote Scotch districts a few scores of years earlier than this. In the new land there was almost as much feudal authority over more diverse retainers; a greater display of costly plate, tapestries, and rich furniture, and the same lack of what were even then considered essential comforts for persons of like social position in regions less remote.

The wide hall and the long drawing-room of the big farm-house were wainscoted in panels. The mantels above the tile-bordered fireplaces were fancifully carved, and the walls were hung with costly Flemish tapestries; yet it is doubtful, if, during the first three or four decades, any of the floors were carpeted, while that of the dining-room was

certainly sanded, and a row of sheepskins, dressed with the wool on, was laid around the table in winter for foot-warmers. At the same time the table was laid with the finest naperies and much solid silver, interspersed with pewter and wooden dishes. During the earliest years there probably was not a single fork, and it is almost certain that there were few if any articles of china, and not many of earthenware.

Their descendants of the third and fourth generation, then grown to be a large, wealthy, keen-witted, and "clannish clan," were, with very few exceptions, found among the strongest opponents to British power during the struggle of the colonies for independence, though well knowing that with their success would perish all dreams of the new-world baronies. The course of the three great manor families of Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt, and Livingston is alone a sufficient answer to the calumny that "great estates always made active Tories."

PROSPEROUS DAYS ON A LATER MANOR

The period from the founding of the first manor in the colony of New York to the beginning of the War of the Revolution was not quite a century, yet during the last third of that time home life on all the manors had greatly changed. What in the later time was held to be vast wealth had resulted from the wise plans and incessant labors of the founders, acting with the natural growth of the country. To such pleasant features as had existed in the earlier days many others had been added, while much of that which was unpleasant had disappeared. For miles along the eastern bank of the Hudson, above and below what is now Rhinebeck, almost every sightly eminence was

capped with the fine residence of one of the grandchildren of the first lord and lady of the Livingston Manor. At all of these mansions cordial hospitality, abundant cheer, and all of what was then esteemed splendor, were to be found. There were at this time two Livingston manors, as a portion of the first (which was subsequently called the Upper Manor) had been set off to the founder's third son Robert as a reward for peculiarly important services. This segregated portion was indifferently called the "Lower Manor of Livingston" or "Clermont" until after the colonies had become States, when it became definitely known as Clermont, one of the most celebrated country-seats in America.

The manor ladies of the third generation and their successors of the fourth (though the title of these last had become one of courtesy only) were well-nigh queens on their own domains; but, like all queens who are not mere figureheads, they had many cares, which they accepted as frankly as they did the pleasures of their position.

Notions of political independence had for many years been growing through all the colonies, but of social equality there was scarcely a whisper. Certainly it was far from the thoughts of those who had belonged to good families in the old countries and had here been held in honor and had



A lady of quality.

prospered to the extent of founding families of wealth. Perhaps no more frankly fervent aristocrats ever lived than the owners of the great colonial estates, whether these were situated on the banks of the James and the Chesapeake or on those of the Hudson. They were free from most of



Colonial dance.

the restraints and traditions which often hung like fetters on the limbs of the kindred class in the motherland, and thus they were at liberty to enjoy their rank, wealth, and cultivation. Of this happy liberty they took the fullest advantage.

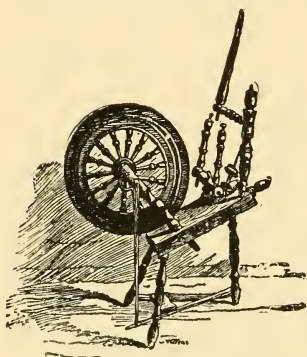
From the extreme limits of Van Rensselaer's manor on the north to that of the Van Cortlandts on the south, the eastern bank of the Hudson River from Albany to New York, and for a distance of from fifteen to thirty miles back from the river, was dotted by the handsome residences

of as care-free, healthful, fine-looking, and happy a class as probably the society of any country has ever known. Its members were not driven by the fierce competition which embitters so many lives to-day, yet they had abundant and satisfying occupations. They had intermarried so freely that they seemed one great cousinry, all having a serene confidence in the invulnerability of their social position, which left them free to be jovial, hospitable, good-humored, and withal public-spirited to an unusual degree. The men had their offices, and their business hours in which to confer with their stewards and tenants, or with the men who conducted large enterprises of many sorts upon the strength of their capital and under their guidance. Into their capable and willing hands official positions naturally fell and were faithfully filled; but all these things were done in an atmosphere of large leisureliness, consequent upon the slow means of communication between distant points, which is almost beyond the conception of any in these electric days.

The men rode a great deal, or hunted after the manner of their English cousins, or they made long expeditions into the unexplored regions of northern and western New York, partly, no doubt, with an eye to present profit or to future investments, but largely to gratify their innate love of adventure. Many of the sons were sent to the English universities of Cambridge or Oxford; but even if his college training had been received at King's (now Columbia) College, the education of no young man belonging to a wealthy and cultivated family was considered complete until he had made a tour of Europe, from one to three years being frequently consumed in this way.

During the long absences of the male heads of the manor families the administration of their home affairs was left

in the hands of capable stewards, who were always under the supervision of the manor ladies. The household supplies of every sort were on a scale commensurate with the family's social position, and would in themselves make most interesting reading for one who loves to make the past seem present by recalling the homely details of domestic life.



A flax-wheel.

All the manor families had always encouraged what were then "home industries" in a strictly literal sense. But there were many things which the largest private expenditure could not produce in the new country, and Mrs. Livingston's old account-book shows that persons of wealth did not, for this reason, deprive themselves of much

which they desired to possess. The things sent for from England, France, and Holland were varied, numerous, and costly. Great treasures of tapestries, pictures, inlaid cabinets, jewels, satins, velvets, and laces, as well as old wines, delicate porcelains and expensive plate, must have been lost when the Clermont manor-house was burned by the British during our Revolutionary War.

A COLONIAL LETTER ¹

[FROM LETTER FROM SAMUEL SMITH OF HADLEY, MASS.]

“ HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS COLONY

“ Jan. ye Firste, 1698.

“ MY DEAR & DUTIFUL SON:—Concerning ye earlie days I can remember but little save Hardships. My parents had broughte bothe Men Servants and Maid Servants from England, but ye Maids tarried not but till they got married, ye wch was shortly, for there was great scarcity of Women in the Colonies. . . .

“ Ye first Meeting House was solid mayde to withstande ye wicked onslaughts of ye Red Skins. Its Foundations was laide in ye feare of ye Lord, but its Walls was truly laide in ye feare of ye Indians, for many and grate was the Terrors of 'em. I do mind me y't alle ye able-bodied Men did work thereat, & ye olde & feeble did watch in turns if any Savages was in hiding neare & every man kept his musket nighe to his hande. I do not myself remember any of ye Attacks made by large bodeys of Indians whilst we did remain in Weathersfield, but did ofttimes fear of em. Several Families which did live back always from ye River was either Murderdt or Captivated in my Boyhood & we all did live in constant feare of ye like.

“ . . . After ye Red Skins ye grate Terror of our lives at Weathersfield & for many years after we had moved to Hadley to live, was ye Wolves. Catamounts was bad eno'

¹ From “Colonial Days and Ways,” by Helen Evertson Smith.

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& so was ye Beares, but it was ye Wolves yt was ye worst. The noyes of they're howlings was eno' to curdle ye bloode of ye stoutest & I have never seen ye man yt did not shiver at ye Sounde of a Packe of 'em. . . . My Mother and sister did each of em Kill more yan one of ye gray Howlers & once my oldest sister shot a Beare yt came too near ye House. He was a good fatte ounie and kept us all in meate for a good while."



A THANKSGIVING DINNER ¹

[FROM A LETTER FROM JULIAN SMITH TO HER "DEAR COUSIN BETSY" DESCRIBING A FAMILY THANKSGIVING DINNER IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1779.]

. . . "When Thanksgiving Day was approaching our dear Grandmother Smith, who is sometimes a little desponding of Spirit as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a Day of Fasting and Prayer in view of the *Wickedness of our Friends & the Vileness of our Enemies*, I am sure you can hear Grandmother say that and see her shake her cap border.

"But indeed there was some occasion for her remarks, for our resistance to an *unjust Authority* has cost our beautiful Coast Towns very dear the last year & all of us have had much to suffer. But my dear Father brought her to a more proper frame of Mind, so that by the time the day came she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, & she, you will remember, always sees the bright side. In the meanwhile we had all been working to get all things in readiness to do honor to the Day.

"This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house, but of course we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, & there is always enough for us all to do.

¹ From "Colonial Days and Ways," by Helen Evertson Smith.

“All the baking of pies & cakes was done at our house and we had the big oven heated and filled twice each day for three days before it was all done, & *everything was GOOD*, though we did have to do without some things that ought to be used. Neither love nor (paper) Money could buy Raisins, but our good red cherries dried without the pits, did almost as well & happily uncle Simeon still had some spices in store. The tables were set in the Dining Hall and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. . . .

“Of course we could have no Roast Beef. None of us have tasted Beef this three years back as it must all go to the Army, & too little they get, poor fellows. But, Nay-quittymaw’s Hunters were able to get us a fine red Deer, so that we had a good haunch of Venison on Each Table. These were balanced by huge Chines of Roast Pork at the other Ends of the Tables. Then there was on one a big Roast Turkey & on the other a Goose & two big Pigeon Pasties. Then there was an abundance of good Vegetables of all the old sorts.

. . . “Our Mince Pies were good although we had to use dried Cherries as I told you, & the meat was shoulder of Venison instead of Beef. The Pumpkin Pies, Apple Tarts and big Indian Puddings lacked for nothing save *Appetite* by the time we had got round to them.

. . . “Uncle Simeon was in his best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both Tables in a roar of laughter with his droll Stories of the days when he was studying Medicine in Edinborough, & afterwards he and Uncle Paul joined in singing Hymns and Ballads.

. . . “We did not rise from the Table until it was quite dark, & then when the dishes had been cleared away

we all got round the fire as close as we could, & cracked nuts & sang songs & told stories. At least some told & others listened. *You know nobody* can exceed the two grandmothers in telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves & repeating those of the early years in New England, & even some in Old England, which they had heard in their youth from their Elders. My father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy deeds & traditions from Father to Son as the Isrealites were commanded to do about the Passover & as the Indians here have always done, because the Word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one that is written."



LITTLE PURITANS

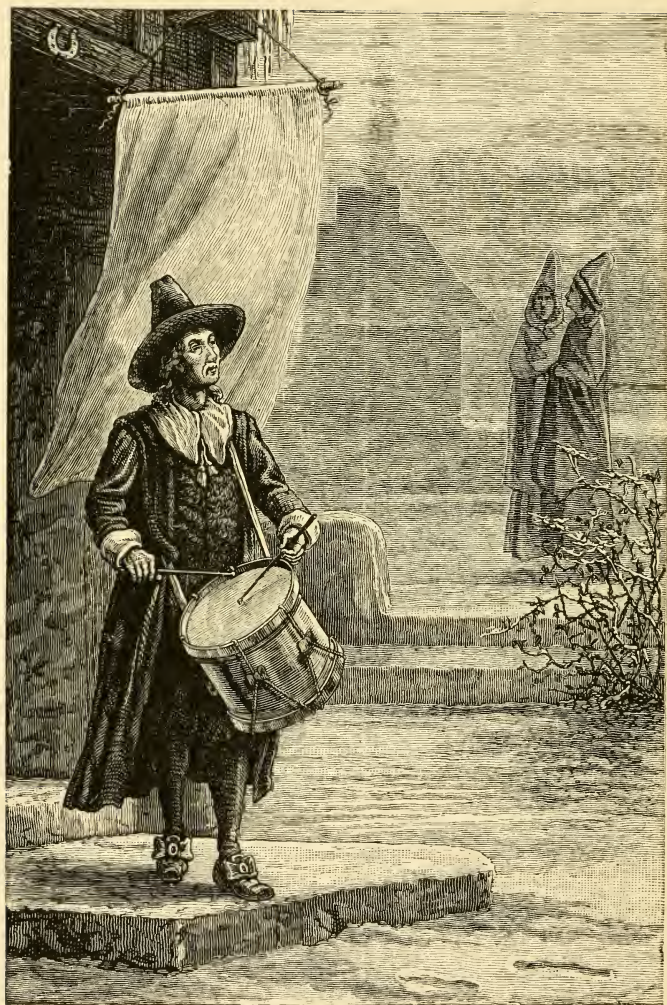
BY H. E. SCUDDER

Our New England ancestors, when they came here, brought Old England names with them for their towns and many Old England customs; but they did not at first bring bells for their churches, and, instead, a man stood on the door-step and beat a drum. Drums they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket and sword and spear, for protection against the hostile Indian or the wild beast. Indeed, when Sunday came and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the broad path were all or nearly all armed; besides, upon the square, fort-like building, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed on the lookout for enemies.

We call the drum the Puritan church-bell, but in those days the churches in New England were called "meeting-houses," — the same as *synagogue*, which word you find in the New Testament, and there were a good many points in common between the Jewish synagogue and the New England meeting-house. Let us enter the meeting-house on a Sunday and see what is done there. You will not fail to see the pulpit, which is very high and often overhung by a sounding-board, such as still remain in some old churches. This is the preacher's place, and before him stands an hour-

glass filled with sand; for there is no clock in the house, and when the minister begins his sermon he turns the glass and expects to preach till the last grain of sand has run through. Immediately below the pulpit sit the ruling elders, facing the congregation, and still further down in the same position sit the deacons. Then comes the congregation, and you could very quickly tell who were the most important people by the place they have in the church, for it is the business of a committee once a year to seat the people according to their general rank in the place, and many a bitter family quarrel has sprung up from disappointment at not being well placed. I think a good text for the minister of preach from when the time for seating came would be James ii., 1-10.

The people do not sit in families, but the men sit on one side and the women on the other, while the boys have a place by themselves. Very likely the floor is sanded, and if it is winter the boys have brought little foot-stoves for their mothers and sisters to put under their feet during the long service. A long service it is. For first the pastor makes a prayer which lasts a quarter of an hour, then the teacher reads and expounds a chapter in the Bible. Nowadays one generally hears the chapter read, in whatever church, without comment, but then it was held that this savored of a superstitious respect for the Bible, as if one must simply listen to it and not understand it. Then one of the ruling elders dictates a psalm out of the Bay psalm-book, which the people sing. These psalms were made imitations in meter of the Psalms of David, and the people only had about ten tunes in all which they could sing. They did not like to sing the psalms just as they stood, for the English Church did that, and they wished to ignore that Church



A Puritan church-bell.

in every possible way, so they put the psalms into very troublesome rime, and without any musical instrument sang them as well as they could to one of their ten tunes.

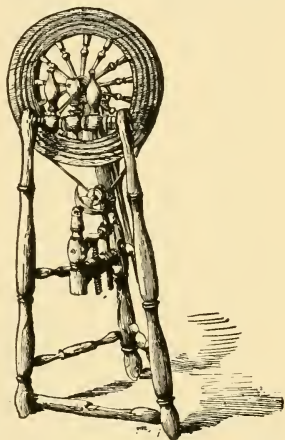
After the singing the pastor preaches his hour-long sermon, and adds often an exhortation, then the teacher prays and pronounces a blessing. The same service is held in the afternoon, except that the pastor and teacher change places. Perhaps there is baptism also, when a little child born since the last Sunday, or it may be this very day, is brought in. If there is a contribution, the people go up by turns and place their money in a box which the deacons keep, and sometimes, if they have no money, they bring goods and corn and the like and place them on the floor.

Do you wonder that in the long service, all of which pretty much was carried on by the minister, the people, and especially the boys, became tired and restless? On cold winter days, as the sermon drew near an end, you could have heard men knocking their half-frozen feet together, and then was the time, too, or on drowsy summer afternoons, when the tithing-man was busy. Who was the tithing-man? He was a parish officer whose special business it was to see that the Sabbath was not broken, and who spent his time in church looking after the boys to see that they behaved themselves. He had a long staff which he carried, much as a sheriff does. He did not always walk up and down before the children. Sometimes he stood behind them, and a boy whose head fell over from sleepiness would feel a thump on the crown presently from the staff of the watchful tithing-man. Many of the seats in the old churches were on hinges, and when people stood up at the blessing, you would hear the seats go slamming

against the backs of the pews all over the house like a succession of cannon-crackers. I fancy that the boys who were eager to get away slammed a little harder than was really necessary.

Sunday with the Puritans began at sunset Saturday and lasted until sunset of Sunday. But that is only one day out of seven, though I am afraid it was a long day to many. We are very apt to think of the Puritans as always going to meeting, and little Puritans we imagine as dangling their legs from high wooden seats and wondering when the minister was to be through; but think a moment, remember what New England was at that time, and you will see a little of what young life must have been. There were no larger cities or towns as now; there were no screaming railway trains or puffing steamboats. Boston, the largest town, had not so many inhabitants as many a Western village may have in a year's time. There were no great colleges and fine public schools, no public halls, exhibitions, concerts or plays. But then the country was far wilder and more exciting than it now is. New England boys spent their time in fields or in the deep woods, by the banks of the rivers and upon the shore of the roaring sea, or in boats tossing on the water. They learned the use of the bow and the gun, and they had plenty of game right at their doors. They hunted bears and deer and trapped foxes. They shot wild turkeys, wild geese and wild ducks. They did not have to wait for vacation and then go off a great distance from home, but this was their daily occupation. Then, perhaps, as they walked through the forest they came upon the red Indian, who was not making baskets and miniature canoes, but hunting as they were. If they lived by the sea or rivers, as nearly all did

at first, they had their fishing, swimming, rowing and sailing. This was all part of their work as well as their sport, and hard lives they led of it, too, for from early youth they worked with the elder men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls and fences, keeping out wolves and wild-cats. There were houses and barns to be built, ships and boats to make, mills, fortifications and churches. There were farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate, and when winter came, they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the snow was hard, they sledded the logs to the wood-pile, the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.



Emigrants' flax-wheel.

The girls, too, had their work. Every home had its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the houses, and they had their outdoor life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high, so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses

as our furnaces do, but were vastly more cheerful and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her and will continue to be written for generations to come. It was Sunday and work together that made her great. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many times foolish things were said by the preachers; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast and spend their riches on themselves; that they were to please God and not themselves. They did not always go to work the right way to please Him, but they did not forget Him and think only of their merchandise. The children in meeting-house and at work learned self-control, learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. We live in happier times now, and should think it very odd to see boys always take off their hats, and girls courtesy when they met older people in the road; to write letters to our fathers which begin Honored Sir, and to treat our parents as if they were judges of the supreme court; but because little Puritans did these things, you must not fancy they did not love their parents, or that their parents did not love them. There are many beautiful letters written at that time which show that

fathers and mothers cared for their homes as they cared for nothing else but God.

So when we think of the stiff, hard-looking Puritans, we may remember that they hated lies and worked hard. The little Puritans grew up in a free out-of-door life, and learned in childhood to set duty before pleasure. And it was out of such stuff that the men and women of the Revolution came.



THE FUR-TRADER AND THE INDIAN

BASED ON PARKMAN, KALM AND OTHERS

The great part which fur-trading played in building up the colonies and in opening up new country will be plain to any one who stops to think that as a means of subsistence and of money-making, it was only second to farming among the occupations of the colonists.

The Indian, from the beginning, parted with his valuable furs for the cheapest baubles, and worst of all for him, he often gave up his choicest stores for a bottle of brandy or rum.

The chief thoroughfare westward of the middle colonies in the years approaching the Revolution was from Philadelphia, across the Alleghanies, to the valley of the Ohio. Parkman ¹ thus describes the equipment, character and mode of operation of the fur-trader of these times (1760 to the Revolution): "Peace was no sooner concluded with the hostile tribes, than the adventurous fur-traders careless of risk of life and property, hastened over the mountains, each eager to be foremost in the wilderness market. Their merchandise was sometimes carried in wagons as far as the site of Fort de Quesne, which the English rebuilt after its capture, changing its name to Fort Pitt. From this point the goods were packed on the backs of horses, and thus distributed among the various Indian villages. More

¹ "The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War." Boston, 1874, by Francis Parkman.

commonly, however, the whole journey was performed by means of trains, or, as they were called, brigades of pack-horses, which, leaving the frontier settlements, climbed the shadowy heights of the Alleghanies, and threaded the forests of the Ohio, diving through thickets and wading over streams. The men employed in this perilous calling were a rough, bold and intractable class, often as fierce and truculent as the Indians themselves. A blanket, coat, or a frock of smoked deer-skin, a rifle on the shoulder, and a knife and tomahawk in the belt, formed their ordinary equipment. The principal trader, the owner of the merchandise, would fix his headquarters at some large Indian town, whence he would dispatch his subordinates to the surrounding villages, with a suitable supply of blankets and red cloth, guns and hatchets, liquor, tobacco, paint, beads and hawk's bells. This wild traffic was liable to every species of disorder; and it is not to be wondered that, in a region where law was unknown, the jealousies of rival traders should become a fruitful source of brawls, robberies and murders.

"In the back woods, all land traveling was on foot, or on horseback. It was no easy matter for a novice, embarrassed with his cumbrous gun, to urge his horse through the thick trunks and undergrowth, or even to ride at speed along the narrow Indian trails, where at every yard the impending branches switched him across the face.

"At night, the camp would be formed by the side of some rivulet or spring, and, if the traveler was skilful in the use of his rifle, a haunch of venison would often form his evening meal. If it rained, a shed of elm or bass-wood bark was the work of an hour, a pile of evergreen boughs formed a bed, and the saddle or the knapsack, a pillow.

"He who wished to visit the remoter tribes of the Missis-

sippi Valley, would find no easier course than to descend the Ohio in a canoe or bateau. He might float for more than eleven hundred miles down this liquid highway of the wilderness, and, except the deserted cabins of Logstown, a little below Fort Pitt, and an occasional hamlet or solitary wigwam along the deeply wooded banks, he would discern no trace of human habitation throughout all this vast extent. The body of the Indian population lay to the northward, about the waters of the tributary streams. It behooved the voyager to observe a sleepless caution and a hawk-eyed vigilance. Sometimes his anxious scrutiny would detect a faint blue smoke stealing upward above the green bosom of the forest, and betraying the encamping place of some lurking war-party. Then the canoe would be drawn in haste beneath the overhanging bushes which skirted the shore; nor would the voyage be resumed until darkness closed, when the little vessel would drift safely by the point of danger."

The Indians, who go hunting in winter commonly bring their furs and skins to sale in the neighboring towns. But to the Indians who live at a greater distance both the English and French traders carried their goods for exchange, often penetrating in their courses to very great distances.

The fur-traders engendered a peculiar class of reckless bush-rangers, more like Indians than white men. Those who once felt the fascination of the forest life were forever unfitted for a life of quiet labor. The colonies were more or less infected with this restless spirit. In spite of Indian hostility and all the hardships of the woods, the traders pushed their way far into the wilderness, their canoes being conducted along the inland rivers and lakes by these half-vagrant bush-rangers.

The Indians settle themselves in towns or villages after an easy manner; the houses are not too close to incommode one another, nor too far distant for social defense. . . . Most of them have clean, neat dwelling houses, white-washed within and without. . . .

The chief goods which the French traders carried with them into the wilderness for barter are described as follows in "Peter Kalm's Travels into North America":

Muskets, Powder, Shot, and Balls. The *Europeans* have taught the *Indians* in their neighbourhood the use of fire-arms, and they have laid aside their bows and arrows, which were formerly their only arms, and make use of muskets. If the *Europeans* should now refuse to supply the *Indians* with muskets, they would be starved to death; as almost all their food consists of the flesh of the animals, which they hunt; or they would be irritated to such a degree as to attack the *Europeans*. . . .

Pieces of white cloth, or of a coarse uncut cloth. The *Indians* constantly wear such pieces of cloth, wrapping them round their bodies. Sometimes they hang them over their shoulders; in warm weather, they fasten them round the middle; and in cold weather, they put them over the head. Both their men and women wear these pieces of cloth, which have commonly several blue or red stripes on the edge.

Blue or red cloth. Of this the *Indian* women make their petticoats, which reach only to their knees. They generally chuse the blue colour.

Pieces of cloth, which they wrap round their legs instead of stockings, like the *Russians*.

Hatchets, knives, scissors, needles, and a steel to strike fire with. These instruments are now common among the

Indians. They all take these instruments from the *Europeans*, and reckon the hatchets and knives much better, than those which they formerly made of stones and bones. The stone hatchets of the ancient *Indians* are very rare in *Canada*.

Kettles of copper or brass, sometimes tinned in the inside. In these the *Indians* now boil all their meat, and they have a very great run with them. . . .

Ear-rings of different sizes, commonly of brass, and sometimes of tin. They are worn by both men and women, though the use of them is not general.

Vermillion. With this they paint their face, shirt, and several parts of the body. They formerly made use of a reddish earth, which is to be found in the country; but, as the *Europeans* brought them vermillion, they thought nothing was comparable to it in colour. Many persons have told me, that they had heard their fathers mention, that the first *Frenchmen* who came over here, got a great heap of furs from the *Indians*, for three times as much cinnabar as would ly [lie] on the tip of a knife.

Verdigrease, to paint their faces green. For the black colour, they make use of the soot at the bottom of their kettles, and daub their whole face with it.

Looking glasses. The *Indians* are very much pleased with them, and make use of them chiefly when they want to paint themselves. The men constantly carry their looking glasses with them on all their journies; but the women do not. The men, upon the whole, are more fond of dressing than the women.

Burning glasses. These are excellent pieces of furniture in the opinion of the *Indians*; because they serve to light

the pipe without any trouble, which an indolent *Indian* is very fond of.

Tobacco is bought by the northern *Indians*, in whose country it will not grow. The southern *Indians* always plant as much of it as they want for their own consumption. Tobacco has a great run amongst the northern *Indians*, and it has been observed, that the further they live to the northward, the more they smoke of tobacco.

Wampum, or, as they are here called, *porcelanes*. They are made of a particular kind of shells, and turned into little short cylindrical beads, and serve the *Indians* for money and ornament.

Glass beads, of a small size, and white or other colours. The *Indian* women know how to fasten them in their ribbands, pouches, and clothes.

Brass and steel wire, for several kinds of work.

Brandy, which the *Indians* value above all other goods that can be brought them; nor have they any thing, though ever so dear to them, which they would not give away for this liquor. But, on account of the many irregularities which are caused by the use of brandy, the sale of it has been prohibited under severe penalties; however, they do not always pay an implicit obedience to this order.

THESE are the chief goods which the *French* carry to the *Indians*, and they have a good run among them.

Parkman characterizes these frontier types: "Those rude and hardy men, hunters and traders, scouts and guides, who ranged the woods beyond the borders, and formed a connecting link between barbarism and civilization were a distinct peculiar class marked with striking contrasts of good and evil."

Savannah.....	Oct. 9, 1779
Charleston.....	May 12, 1780
Camden.....	Aug. 16, 1780
King's Mountain.....	Oct. 7, 1780
Cowpens.....	Jan. 17, 1781
Guilford.....	March 15, 1781
Eutaw Springs.....	Sept. 8, 1781
Yorktown.....	Oct. 19, 1781

THE ALGONQUIN MEDICINE-BOY

BY FRANCIS S. PALMER

Algonquins from the Ottawa River were making an expedition against their enemies, the Iroquois — the redoubtable Five Nations, whose villages extended through what is now northern and central New York. Forty canoes laden with swarthy warriors had crossed the St. Lawrence, passed through the Richelieu, and were in the northern waters of Lake Champlain.

For years the Mohawks, one of the most warlike of the Five Nations, had brought war to the home of the Algonquins, and a counter raid was being made. The Canadian warriors had high hopes of success, since French soldiers from Quebec were with them, and the white man's fire-arm was still a terror to the Indian. Only one thought dampened the ardor of the Algonquins. Wahiawa, their great medicine-man, skilled in planning raids and wars, was dead. Wahiawa, who was more wily than any magician among the Iroquois; more cunning than the fox; more wise than the serpent. Wahiawa, who, as it was rumored, could not be killed by mortal hand, whose name was a dread to all enemies of the Algonquins. Disease had crept upon him, and Wahiawa was dead.

Forty Algonquin warriors were in each of thirty-nine canoes; there were also a dozen craft carrying the French soldiers. Another canoe held two warriors, also Anguel, the medicine-man; and with him the son of dead Wahiawa,

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Uncoma, a lad of fourteen who came to see how his people made war.

Anguel rose in the canoe and addressed the members of the little fleet:

“It is time, my children, to land and build our camp. Then Anguel will learn whether the spirits promise victory if you fight to-morrow.”

The Indians obeyed and went ashore on the island since called Isle La Motte. A small wigwam covered with brightly colored skins of the deer and moose served as the medicine-man's temple. Into this crept Anguel to commune with the deities. Uncoma stood just outside, ready to make known to the assembled warriors the oracular words spoken to Anguel.

The Frenchmen, lounging at one side of the campground, looked with scornful eyes at the solemn concourse of Indians. They thought it strange such stout fighters could be so childish.

Now the slight poles of the wigwam began to shake as though agitated by the presence of mighty spirits, and soon muttering voices, supposed to belong to the gods themselves, were heard in earnest converse with Anguel.

“The spirits say,” interrupted Uncoma, “you must fight to-morrow, for then you will be terrible to your enemies, and the frightened Iroquois will try to hide himself beneath the moss of the forest. When you have won the battle, you shall rest and feast, giving thanks to the gods and presents to the medicine-man.”

The assembly broke up, and a roughly fortified camp was built; now they were in the land of the Iroquois, and it would not do to be careless. That night Uncoma lay by the side of his instructor, Anguel.

"Tell me," said the boy, "why do you deceive the warriors? They thought spirits shook the tent, but I saw your hand grasping the poles, and it was you, not the spirits, that spoke."

"O son of Wahiawa," replied Anguel, "your father



"Canoes laden with swarthy warriors had crossed the St. Lawrence."

could persuade men by his wisdom; but we lesser prophets must deceive if we would keep our influence. It is right for these dull warriors to fight to-morrow, for they are now well fed and in good courage; it is for their advantage, and so I thought it wise to say the gods bade them fight."

This reasoning did not quite satisfy Uncoma, and he fell asleep pondering over the duties of a medicine-man. He was almost sorry to think of what might come to him in the office he inherited.

By sunrise the canoes were again journeying southward, stealing along the west shore of the lake. During the forenoon the Algonquins saw smoke as of camp-fires rising into

the air above a wooded point which stretched far into the water. Scouts were sent forward to learn the cause. They reported a camp of Dutch traders from Fort Orange, and, gathered around the traders, many Mohawk wigwams. An attack was planned, and soon the Iroquois, busy in exchanging furs for the wares of the white man, were startled by the war-cry of the Algonquins.

The Mohawks, assisted by the Dutchmen, intrenched themselves behind a rude barricade, and tried to make a stand against the invaders.

The commander of the French soldiers called on the besieged men to surrender; but even he doubted his ability to protect prisoners from the fury of his savage allies; the band inside the barricade seemed willing to die, but not to become captives.

Though the fight was stubborn, every advantage was in favor of the attacking party, and before sunset the only survivors of the band that defended the barricade were a few Mohawk warriors who had been wounded and made prisoners. The Dutchmen were all slain, their breastplates being no protection against the skilled bowmen of the Algonquins.

Uncoma was kept in the background during the fighting; but now that the battle was over he ran forward to examine the strange countrements of the Dutchmen. Back of the barricade he noticed a mound of leaves rudely heaped together. Throwing these aside, he saw the rounded top of a steel breastplate, from beneath which a faint sound was heard. A hole had been dug, and covered by the breastplate; in this cavity was a flaxen-haired white child, a girl less than twelve years old.

The little girl might have been slain by the victorious

Indians had not Uncoma restrained them. He comforted her as best he could, and led her away from the bloody scene. She knew a few words of the Indian language, and thus could give some account of herself. Her father, who had come north to barter with the friendly Mohawks, had brought her with him. There seemed but little danger, as the terror of the Mohawk warriors usually kept the Champlain region clear of hostile Indians. When the camp was attacked, her father had put her where he thought she would be safe from the Indian arrows. Now her father was killed, and his Gretchen a captive among the cruel Algonquins — tales of whom had so frightened her.

“Do not fear,” said Uncoma. “They shall not hurt you. I am the son of Wahiawa, and, young as I am, can protect you.”

Although Uncoma spoke thus boldly, he had some misgivings, and that night he questioned Anguel as to the probable fate of the captive.

“Already,” said the medicine-man, “the warriors are drinking the liquors brought by the Dutch traders; to-morrow every Indian will be wild and bloodthirsty. It is useless for even you — son of Wahiawa, and the only Serpent left among the Algonquins — to attempt to interfere for the captives. Moreover, the law of the tribe gives warriors the right to prisoners taken in battle.”

Uncoma lay awake thinking. The white child who already had roused his pity and friendship must not be abandoned to the cruel warriors. The lad resolved upon a plan to save her — a plan which kept his thoughts busy until far into the night.

It was past midnight when Uncoma grasped his bow

and arrows, slipped from the side of the sleeping Angel, and stole away into the darkness.

Stealthily he flitted through the woods to where the captives were. The guards seemed sleepy or maybe tipsy, and it was an easy matter to move to the spot in which the Dutch girl had sobbed herself to sleep. He lifted his knife to sever the few thongs that bound her. His foot must have pressed somewhat too heavily upon the



“He built a fire and roasted the grouse.”

cause of mercy, and this would be a bad beginning.

“Lie still and close your eyes, friend,” he whispered to the guard, “or you will anger the spirits with whom I, Uncoma, am communing.”

In supernatural awe the sentinel buried his face in the moss. Uncoma cut the thongs, and the child awoke from troubled dreams to see the kind face of her boy protector.

moss, for a twig snapped beneath it, with a sharp report. An Indian guard close to Uncoma's side started and peered around. The boy knew the surer way to silence this fellow was to plunge the knife into his heart: what mattered a stupid warrior more or less? Yet Uncoma had enlisted in the

He signed her to follow as silently and quickly as she could. Both wore moccasins and moved with inaudible footsteps. When out of hearing of the guards, Uncoma seized the girl's hand and ran as fast as the darkness and roughness of their path would allow. He did not slacken the pace until Gretchen was breathless. Then they walked again, and, as it seemed to her, had walked many miles when a gray light in the east foretold the dawn, and Uncoma permitted a halt.

The girl was hungry, and cried for food. Uncoma, in his anxiety to rescue her, had forgotten to bring provisions. But he had bow and arrows, and there must be game in the woods. Leaving his tired and weeping charge, he started forth. The forest creatures were hardly awake, and it began to seem as though he must return empty-handed, when he noticed some little balls on the branch of a spruce-tree. Uncoma stepped nearer and saw each ball was a fluffy mass of feathers. His arrow sped from the bow, and a half-grown grouse fell to the ground. The noise of the arrow, and the fall on the dry leaves below, alarmed the old bird; in a moment she was alert. Before the boy could fit another arrow to the bow, she was off and her young ones whirring after her.

The young grouse he had killed was no larger than a pigeon, but it would make a breakfast for the child. As for himself, like most Indian boys, he was trained to bear privation, and took pride in showing indifference to hunger.

He returned to Gretchen, built a fire, and roasted the grouse. While she breakfasted he unfolded his plan. They would follow some trail to a Mohawk village. As the Mohawks were friends of the Dutch, she would then

be safe; but he, Uncoma, must leave her at the village outskirts, and return to Canada as best he could. An Algonquin lad could expect no mercy from the Mohawks.

Uncoma was making a couch for the tired child by spreading his mantle of beaver-skins over the moss, when a scream from her caused him to look up. She was staring at a bushy evergreen, where its heavy lower branches rested upon the ground. Following her glance, he saw a pair of menacing eyes gleaming from out the shadows. The young savage had been taught to act promptly; he seized his most deadly weapon — the keen flint tomahawk thrust through his belt — and hurled it at the peering eyes. There was an angry howl, and Uncoma, grasped from behind, was thrown to the ground.

A dozen dusky figures glided from out the underbrush, and the tall Mohawk warrior who had seized Uncoma stood over him, looking down with a grim frown.

“Why is the Algonquin boy and the white child in the land of the Mohawks? See, he is too quick with his tomahawk.”

From under the evergreen an Indian was crawling. The boy's weapon had gashed his ear, and the warrior was furious with pain and outraged dignity. He moved to where Uncoma lay, and raised his knife.

“This whelp of the Algonquins must die,” he muttered, “or the wound of the Mohawk brave will not heal.”

Gretchen, who was watching with terrified eyes, screamed wildly; but Uncoma looked at the raised steel with steady gaze, though his hand convulsively clutched the earth. Perhaps this movement saved his life, for, as the blade was about to descend, one of the warriors caught and held the avenging arm. “See!” he cried, “on the boy's wrist is

the totem of the Serpent-clan — the clan of great medicine-men which is sacred among all the tribes of the lakes and the river. He must not be killed.”

The warriors crowded around to gaze at the image of the rattlesnake tattooed on the boy's wrist — the sacred symbol worn only by the chief magicians and their chosen successors.

Uncoma was ignorant of the full power of the totem which his father, Wahiaawa, had tattooed upon his wrist, and which he alone of all Algonquins now had the right to wear; even if he had known its power, the morbid pride of an Indian might have forbidden his taking advantage of it to escape death. He was still solicitous for the welfare of the little maid, and so assumed all the dignity of his priestly rank as he addressed the now submissive Mohawks:



“See!” he cried, “on the boy's wrist is the token of the Serpent Clan!
He must not be killed.”

“Take this child safely and quickly to her people at Fort Orange; as for me, I wish guides to the great river which flows between the lands of the Iroquois and the Algonquins. Tell the Serpents of the Iroquois that among the Algonquins one only of their clan is alive, and he soon will visit them to be taught the secrets of the sacred wampum.”

Yellow-haired Gretchen wept at parting with her young protector; but Uncoma did not dare unbend his dignity, and contented himself with ordering the Indians to take her safely to her people, or else fear the wrath of the Great Spirit. The Mohawks then separated into two parties: Gretchen, placed on a litter, was carried southward toward Fort Orange; while the guides of Uncoma took a north-west course to the St. Lawrence.

The boy felt safe among his new friends, and so bade them take him direct to Canada. He feared to let them know the existence of the Algonquin war-party.

In due season Gretchen reached the Dutch settlement, and told of the destruction of the trading-party and her own rescue by the medicine-boy.

For many years Uncoma, last of his line and chief medicine-man of the Algonquins, wisely guided his people; but even he could not prevent the gradual annihilation to which they were doomed. In the latter days, when the Algonquin name was almost forgotten, an aged Indian stalked among the huts of Montreal. The good priests looked upon old Uncoma with kindly eyes, for his was a voice that had always been heard for peace and mercy.

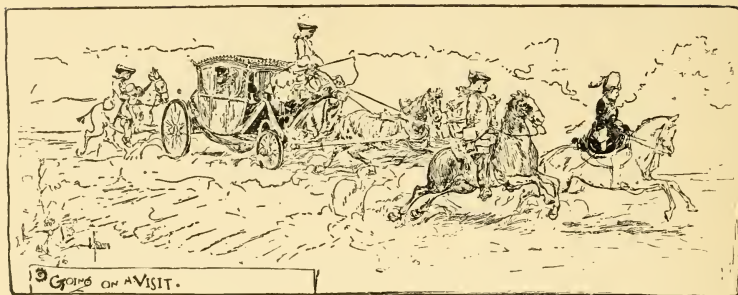
IN 1776

BY W. H. VENABLE

In 1776 the region west of the Alleghanies was styled The Wilderness, and only a few bold spirits, like Daniel Boone, had dared to penetrate its solitude. The Rocky, then called Stony, Mountains were known to exist, but no white man had explored them.

The journey from Baltimore to Pittsburg took twelve days, and was not only toilsome, but dangerous, for hostile Indians lurked in the woods. Wagons often stuck fast in the mire, or broke down on "corduroy" roads made of logs laid side by side in the mud. The heavy stage-coach of early times, although it made great show of speed when dashing through a village, was as long in lumbering from New York to Boston as a modern express train is in crossing the continent. In great contrast with the present mode of traveling was the journey made by Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1775, when he went in a carriage from Williamsburg, Virginia, to Philadelphia. He was ten days on the road, and twice was obliged to hire a guide, to show the way to the largest city in the country. In 1777, Elkanah Watson rode from Newbern to Wilmington, North Carolina, on horseback, and not only lost his way, but was embarrassed further by meeting a large bear.

A person traveling in New England in 1776 would have found there a frugal and industrious people, dwelling generally in or near villages, and employed mainly in trade and



tillage. He might have seen, in the older towns, factories for the making of cloth, hats, shoes, axes, ropes, paper, and guns; and with a sailboat he might have visited flourishing fisheries off the coast. The life and habits of the common people were extremely simple. The furniture of an ordinary house in 1776, was scanty, plain, and cheap. In many houses, the floor had no carpet, and the walls of that day had no paper nor paint. Neither pumps nor cooking-stoves were in use. The sofa was a high-backed bench of unpainted wood. The rude, low bedstead was honored almost always with a coat of green paint. The sewing-machine was not dreamed of; but the spinning-wheel, flax-distaff, and yarn-reel found a place in all houses, and the weaver's loom could be seen in many.

Queen's-ware, or glazed earthenware, was unknown, yet well-to-do families often had sets of small china cups and saucers. The rich took pride in displaying urns and salvers of pure silver. There was no plated ware. The table was set with dishes of wood and of pewter.

Our forefathers depended upon the tallow candle and the lard-oil lamp for artificial light. They knew nothing of kerosene, gas, and sulphur matches. The embers in the

fireplace were seldom suffered to burn out, but when the last coal chanced to expire, the fire was rekindled by striking a spark from a flint into a piece of tinder. Sometimes a burning brand was borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor.

The dress of the common folk in town and country was more for use than beauty. A pair of buckskin breeches and a corduroy coat formed the essentials of a man's suit, and they never wore out. After the breeches had been rained upon a few times they hardened into a garment more durable than comfortable.

The wearing apparel of fashionable people of the city, however, was very gay and picturesque. Men wore knee-breeches and hose, broad-skirted coats lined with buckram, long waistcoats, sometimes of gold-cloth, wide cuffs lined with lace, powdered wigs, three-cornered hats, and swords. Women's dresses were made of heavy silks and satins, called



The act of offering and receiving a pinch of snuff.

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brocades, on which raised figures of leaves and flowers were woven, or worked, in colored silk or thread of silver and gold.

Both sexes took pains in dressing the hair. A stylish gentleman had his locks curled and frizzed, or suspended in a queue, as you have often seen in old pictures. A New England belle spent many hours in plastering her hair up into a sort of tower, decorated with powder and ribbons.

There were few, if any, millionaires in the early days of the Republic, and the power of money was not felt as it is now. However, the aristocracy was less approachable by the common people than are the higher circles of to-day, or, probably, of the future. This was owing to the fact that, at that time, American society was mainly copied after the English system, in which rank and title play an important part; and also to the influence of slavery, which existed in all the States.

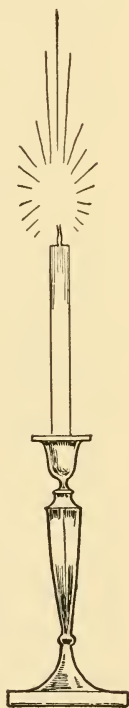
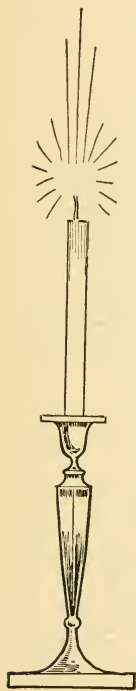
Magistrates and clergymen were regarded, in New England, with extreme respect and reverence. Had our traveler dropped into a Puritan meeting-house, and sat through the service, he would have seen the minister and his family walk solemnly down the aisle and through the doorway before the congregation presumed to leave the pews.

The New England country people combined amusement with work at their house-raising, quilting parties, and like gatherings. The poet Bryant speaks of the process of cider-making as one that "came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses,

would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion."

"But," says Doctor Greene, in his charming "Short History of Rhode Island," "the great pastime for young and

old, for matron and maid and for youth just blushing into manhood, was the autumn husking, where neighbors met at each other's corn-yards to husk each other's corn — sometimes husking a thousand bushels in a single meeting. Husking had its laws, and never were laws better obeyed. For every red ear, the lucky swain who had found it could claim a kiss from every maid; with every smutted ear he smutched the faces of his mates, amid laughter and joyous shoutings; but when the prize fell to a girl, she would walk the round demurely, look each eager aspirant in the face, and hide or reveal the secret of her heart by a kiss. Then came the dance and supper, running deep



into the night, and often encroaching upon the early dawn."

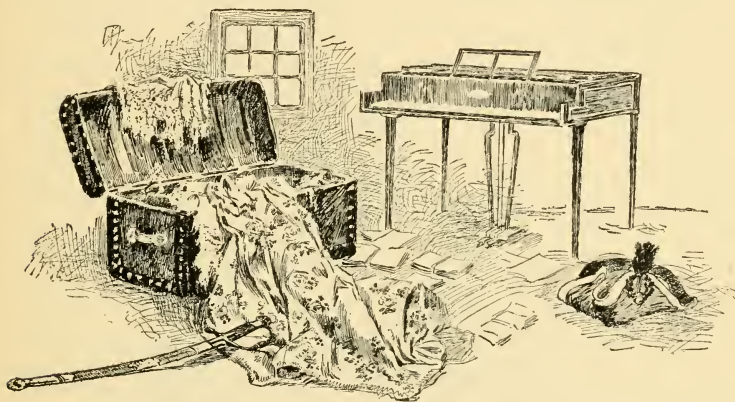
Our traveler would be interested in Salem, next to the largest town in New England, and a flourishing sea-port; and he certainly would have gone to Boston, then, as now, a center of education and culture. Many of the streets of Boston were narrow and crooked. Shops and inns were distinguished in Boston, as in other cities and towns, by

pictorial signs for the benefit of those who could not read. One did not look for a lettered board, nor a number over the street door, but for the sign of the "Bunch of Feathers," the "Golden Key," the "Dog and Pot," or the "Three Doves."

Had our traveler passed from New England to the State of New York, say at Albany, he would have had evidence that the frontier was not far off. Goods sent from Albany to supply the Indian trade, and the forts and settlements out West, were hauled in wagons to Schenectady, then loaded in light boats, and poled up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, then carried across to Wood Creek, and again transported in boats down Oneida Lake and Osage River to the great lakes. The town of Albany was, at that time, a quiet, shady, delightful place, with cow-bells tinkling in the streets. Lazy Indians went lounging about the principal thoroughfares with bead-work and baskets to sell.

New York State continued to show evidence of Dutch customs, as could be seen by going down the Hudson from Albany to Manhattan Island. The trip was taken in regular passenger sloops. The scenery along the Hudson was grander than now, for the wild forest had not disappeared from the hills. The passenger saw no large towns nor villages, but farm-houses nestled in the rich hollows, and the Dutch "bouwerries" or farms spread to view broad acres of corn and tobacco, and thrifty orchards of apple and pear trees. Just below Albany the family mansion and great barns of General Schuyler used to stand. The good general had many negro slaves,—indolent fellows, who were scared into occasional fits of work by the threat that they should be sent to the West Indies, and traded off for rum and molasses.

New York City was an important commercial center, larger than Boston, but not so large as Philadelphia. It occupied but a small part of the southern end of Manhattan Island, the whole of which it now covers. Most of its streets were narrow and crooked. Tradition says that the Dutch settlers built their houses along the winding courses



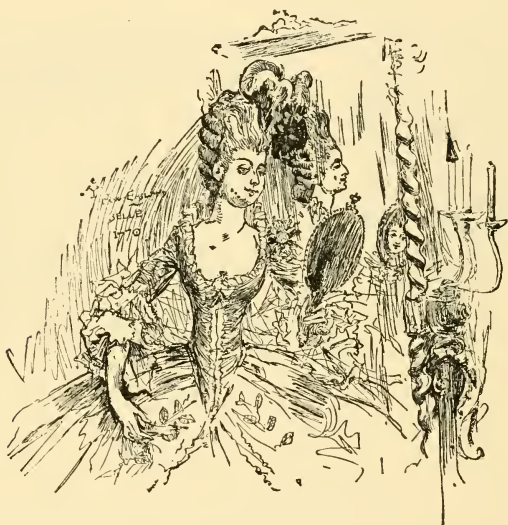
Colonial spinet and chest.

of cow-paths. Broadway, however, was a fine street, even in the days of the Revolution, and gave promise then of the splendor it afterward attained. New York City, in 1776, was lighted dimly with oil-lamps. Burning gas did not come into use till forty years later. Not unusually the New York houses were built with a flat space on the roof, surrounded by a railing, where the people came out on the house-tops on summer evenings to enjoy the pleasant breeze from the bay.

Our traveler would have visited Philadelphia, the largest city in America, and the capital of the Republic. There he might have seen many evidences of wealth and social re-

finement. There were to be found noted public men from different parts of the country. The wise and benevolent Franklin lived there. There Congress met, and there Washington dwelt during the greater part of his administrations.

Philadelphia society claimed to lead the fashion in dress and amusements, though New York, Williamsburg, Charles-



A colonial belle.

ton, and other places disputed this preëminence. Fashionable people frequently gave formal dinner-parties. The lady guests, robed in their stiff brocades, were handed from their coaches and sedans, and daintily stepped to the door of the reception-room. A sedan was a covered chair for carrying a single person, borne on poles in the hands of two men, usually negroes. The dinner consisted of four courses, with abundance of wine. The health of every

guest at table had to be drunk separately, at least once during the sitting, as to neglect this compliment was considered a breach of politeness.

After dinner, a game of whist was in order. Smoking was not fashionable, but every gentleman carried a snuff-box, and the act of offering and receiving a pinch of snuff was performed with profound ceremony.

Dancing was a favorite amusement in all parts of the country. General Greene tells us that, on a certain occasion, George Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. No doubt the stately Virginian chose to tread the dignified measure of the contra-dance rather than to trip through the lighter movements of the minuet. The quadrilles and round dances of our day were unknown in 1776.

The violin was held in high esteem, especially in the Middle and Southern States. Thomas Jefferson said of Patrick Henry, that "his passion was for fiddling, dancing, and pleasantry." Jefferson was himself famous for attending balls. Once, when he was away from home, his father's house burned down. A slave was sent to tell this bad news to his young master Thomas.

"Did n't you save any of my books?" asked the future author of the Declaration of Independence.

"No, massa," answered the ebony messenger; "but we saved the fiddle!"

It was customary for young ladies to take lessons on the harpsichord or the spinet, as they do nowadays on the piano-forte.

Our traveler, extending his journey to the Southern States, would have found few towns of considerable size, excepting Williamsburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and

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Charleston, South Carolina. Wealthy planters of cotton and rice owned most of the fertile land. The Fairfax estate, on the Potomac, had five million acres. It was quite an expedition to go from one planter's house to another, for the distance, in some cases, was as much as ten or twelve miles, and the roads were bad. When a visit was undertaken, the great family coach, drawn by four or six horses, driven by a pompous black coachman, conveyed the ladies, while the gentlemen of the party went on horseback. Not unfrequently ladies rode behind gentlemen, mounted on cushions, called pillions; but the more independent of the "fair sex" preferred to manage their own palfrey, and to grace the saddle alone. Colored servants, riding upon mules, jogged after their masters and mistresses, to carry handboxes and parcels, and to open gates.

Southern estates were distinguished by descriptive names, such as "Mount Vernon," "Monticello," "Ingleside," "The Oaks." Particular mansions were known, also, by romantic titles,—such as "Belvoir," "Liberty Hall," "Greenway Court,"—reminding us of old English manor-houses. Such Southern mansions were large and strongly built, and some of them were costly and elegant. "Drayton Hall," on Ashley River, cost ninety thousand dollars—a vast sum to spend on a house at the period of which I write. "Drayton Hall" is yet standing, a fair specimen of old-fashioned architecture. The wainscot and mantels are of solid mahogany. The walls were once hung with tapestry.

The planters, like the English rural gentry, laid off their grounds with terraces, hedges, and ponds, and adorned them with shrubbery, summer-houses, and statuary. Many lived at ease in the midst of plenty. They had much pride, and

looked down upon the laboring and trading classes of the North. All their work was done by slaves. The planters' sons were sent to the mother-country to be educated. The daughters were instructed by private tutors.

Most fine gentlemen were fond of fine horses and dogs. There is a flavor of romance in the page of history that tells of Washington and his friends dashing through the forests of the Old Dominion, to the music of hound and horn.



Early stage-coach dashing through a village.

The times of which this article treats are often spoken of as the "good old days" of our ancestors; we should be strangely at loss if we had to live in those good old ways. We should consider it inconvenient enough to do without steam-boats, railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper, not to mention horse-cars, express companies, letter-carriers, and the telephone.

The farmer of 1776 had no grain-drill, harvester, or threshing-machine; and even his plow, ax, and hay-fork were so rude and clumsy that a modern laborer would laugh at them.

How great, to-day, should we regard the general loss, were the shipper deprived of his grain-elevator; the merchant of his fire-proof safe; the publisher of his revolving press; the surgeon of the use of ether; the physician of vaccination; the cripple of artificial limbs; the writer of envelopes and metallic pens; the ladies of pins, and hooks and eyes; the soldier of his breech-loading gun! All the articles and arts above enumerated, and many more now considered essential to comfort and convenience, are of modern invention. A hundred years ago they did not exist.

“THE AMERICAN PATRIOT’S PRAYER”

(1776)

Anonymous: Ascribed to Thomas Paine.

Parent of all, omnipotent
In heav’n, and earth below,
Thro’ all creation’s bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow.

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design’d;
No private aims let me propose,
Since link’d with human kind.

But chief to hear my country’s voice,
May all my thoughts incline,
’T is reason’s law, ’t is virtue’s choice,
’T is nature’s call and thine.

Me from fair freedom’s sacred cause,
Let nothing e’er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false misguide.

Let me not faction’s partial hate
Pursue to *this laad’s** woe;
Nor grasp the thunder of the state,
To wound a private foe.

If, for the right, to wish the wrong
My country shall combine,
Single to serve th’ erron’ous throng,
Spight of themselves, be mine.

* *Misprint for “land’s.”*

A TORY ARGUMENT

BY REV. ANDREW BURNABY

(Written in 1775)

The present unhappy differences subsisting among us, with regard to America, will, I am sensible, expose the publication of this account to much censure and criticism; but I can truly aver, that I have been led to it, by no party motive whatsoever. My first attachment, as it is natural, is to my native country; my next is to America; and such is my affection for both, that I hope nothing will ever happen to dissolve that union, which is so necessary to their common happiness. Let every Englishman and American, but for a moment or two, substitute [-te] themselves in each other's place, and, I think, a mode of reconciliation will soon take effect.—Every American will then perceive the reasonableness, of acknowledging the supremacy of the British legislature; and every Englishman perhaps, the hardship of being taxed where there is no representation, or assent.

There is scarcely any such thing, I believe, as a perfect government, and solecisms are to be found in all. The present disputes are seemingly the result of one.—Nothing can be more undeniable than the supremacy of parliament over the most distant branches of the British empire: for although the king being esteemed, in the eye of the law, the original proprietor of all the lands in the kingdom; all

lands, upon defect of heirs to succeed to an inheritance, escheat to the king; and all new discovered lands vest in him: yet in neither case can he exempt them from the jurisdiction of the legislature of the kingdom.

He may grant them, under leases or charters, to individuals or companies; with liberty of making rules and regulations for the internal government and improvement of them; but such regulations must ever be consistent with the laws of the kingdom, and subject to their controul.

On the other hand, I am extremely dubious, whether it be consistent with the general principles of liberty (with those of the British constitution, I think, it is not), to tax where there is no representation: the arguments hitherto adduced from Manchester and Birmingham, and other great towns, not having representatives, are foreign to the subject; at least they are by no means equal to it;—for every inhabitant, possessed of forty shillings freehold, has a vote in the election of members for the county: but it is not the persons, but the property of men that is taxed, and there is not a foot of property in this kingdom, that is not represented.

It appears then, that certain principles exist in the British constitution, which militate with each other; the reason of their doing so is evident; it was never supposed that they would extend beyond the limits of Great Britain, or affect so distant a country as America. It is much to be wished, therefore, that some expedient could be thought of, to reconcile them.

The conduct of the several administrations, that have had the direction of the affairs of this kingdom, has been reciprocally arraigned; but, I think, without reason; for, all things considered, an impartial and dispassionate mind

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will find many excuses to allege in justification of each.—The fewest, I am afraid, are to be pleaded in favour of the Americans, for they settled in America under charters, which expressly reserved to the British Parliament the authority, whether consistent or not consistent, now asserted. Although, therefore, they had a right to make humble representations to his majesty in parliament, and to shew the impropriety and inconvenience to enforcing such principles, yet they had certainly no right to oppose them.

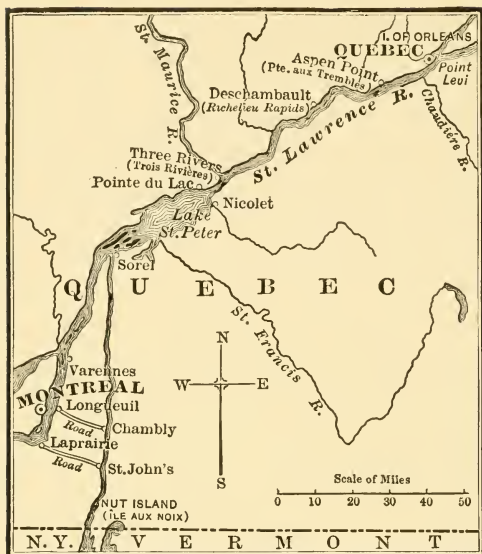
Expedients may still be found, it is to be hoped however, to conciliate the present unhappy differences, and restore harmony again between Great Britain and her colonies; but whatever measures may be adopted by parliament, I am sure it is the duty of America to submit.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

THE FORTUNE OF WAR

Pacing to and fro among the drifts on the Heights of Abraham, New Year's day of 1776, an American sentry, shriveled up with cold and buffeted by a gale from the east, beheld, when the driving snow permitted, a vast expanse of rough, enshrouded country, spattered with leafless trees, whistling in the blast, or funereal evergreens bowing before it, scarred with gray cliffs and a few brown villages, and cut through by the hoary tide of the St. Lawrence, where heaving blocks of ice froze and broke, rose and fell, ebbed and flowed, crushed, ground, and groaned in the aimless melancholy of an arctic winter; while, if he turned his eye to the south, his vision had to travel across the drifts 180 miles to Montreal, 150 more to Ticonderoga, then 100 to Albany, 150 more to New York, and 100 to Philadelphia, where sate the Conscript Fathers in their perplexities under the waiting bell of Independence Hall. All these miles of snow must be tediously paced off before the needs of the struggling soldiers could be told, and again paced off to bring back word that they were not forgotten. For weeks past communication with the colonies had virtually been cut off, and for weeks



Map of the Quebec and Montreal region.

to come the route would be almost impassable.

WAR EXTRAORDINARY

Undiscouraged, the Americans kept on "fagging it out" before Quebec. But what could they expect? Here stood a powerful fortress with a garrison of eighteen hundred men, well drilled by this time, and

a little troop of sick people pretended they were going to take it. Not counting the diseased and the men whose terms of service had expired, May-day saw only seven hundred effectives outside the town, and these were spread over a circuit of twenty-six miles, broken three times by the rivers. Two hundred of them had been inoculated, and soon would be down with the smallpox. Not more than three hundred could be rallied promptly to meet an attack. The batteries pointed about fifteen guns at Quebec, and Quebec pointed one hundred and forty-eight at the batteries, some of them 42-pounders. The magazine contained only a hundred-weight and a half of powder. Even at headquarters, neither intrenchments nor intrench-

ing-tools could be found; and the provisions would not last a week. War this could hardly be called. Yet it was far indeed from opera bouffe. Everybody wished Lord North to understand that Americans were no poltroons, and the thought of retreat was not agreeable. As for Carleton, he could not count the "rebels" outside the gates, nor even those within, and he preferred to take no chances.

Nobody in the colonies even suspected how badly things were going. Chase and Carroll wrote Congress in truthful black: "We cannot find words strong enough to express our miserable situation; you will have a faint idea of it if you figure to yourselves an army broken and disheartened, half of it under inoculation or other disease; soldiers without pay, without discipline, and altogether reduced to live from hand to mouth, depending on the scanty and



Quebec from the south side of the St. Lawrence.

— precarious supplies of a few half-starved cattle and trifling quantities of flour, which have hitherto been picked up in different parts of the country.”

EVERYTHING AGAINST NOTHING

If the outlook was dark before, what should it be called now? Beaten, broken, penniless, underfed, poorly trained, poorly armed, honeycombed with a dreadful epidemic and the fear of it and in large part half naked, the American army can only be described in the words of Sullivan himself: “No one thing is right.” Out of eight thousand men Arnold reckoned on June 6 that less than five thousand could be mustered, while a little later the effectives were estimated at a third of the total. “Those who were most healthy went about like so many walking apparitions,” wrote an officer, and, besides working and fighting, had to care for the sick among them. Worst of all, perhaps, the troops were ignorant of the straits of Congress, and felt themselves “wholly neglected,” as Thomas had written. Yet the “little tincture of vanity” that Washington discovered among Sullivan’s admirable traits made him imagine vain things, and he vowed he would not retreat so long as a single person would stick by him. Duty reinforced vanity: had not Congress ordered him to “contest every foot of the ground”?

On the British side, though Sullivan scouted the reports of their numbers, ten thousand regulars were now moving on with Carleton, the British troops gay with scarlet, and the Germans actually shining in their blue regimentals with red facings, their broad lace and their silver frogs; and all these troops were fresh, rosy, and eager for a fight. Canadian militia gathered about them, and the Indians were com-



The northwest part of Quebec.

ing in. Vessels laden with choice provisions, a fine train of artillery, and a plenty of war-ships rounded out the force. It was health against sickness, confidence against defeat, plenty against want, gold against paper, four against one; and Sullivan's bravery could only dash itself and the army to pieces.

AMERICA AT STAKE

But the destruction of an army hardly spelled one syllable of the danger. Let Carleton only reach Longueuil while Sullivan awaited him at Sorel: to Chambly would then be only a dozen miles, a morning stroll, while Sorel was nearly fifty miles away; and Sullivan would be ruined completely. A dozen miles more to St. John's, and Arnold also would be cut off. Then, leaving the Canadians to guard his prisoners, Carleton could seize the American

bateaux, embark his men, sail to Ticonderoga, march to Albany, march down the Hudson, coöperate with Howe's powerful army, as the British government expected, stamp out Washington, and scatter the Conscript Fathers. The Declaration of Independence would not appear and the only question would be, how many insurgents to hang? "We can hear the enemy now firing; this will be a hot week," wrote an officer from Sorel on June 13. More than a hundred British vessels were just below, yet Sullivan only planted himself the more firmly on the sandy point at the mouth of the Richelieu.

This was the very crisis. The whole future of America depended now — depended on a puff of air.

A WONDERFUL RETREAT

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, Captain James Wilkinson was going down the St. Lawrence with a message from Arnold to Sullivan, and about fourteen miles below Montreal two cannon-shots were heard. Landing to investigate, he found British troops there, and the river beyond looked snowy with British sails. It was Carleton. Why had he stopped short? The wind had failed him.

That was a wind of destiny, indeed, and it gave the patriot cause a chance of life. Mounting the first horse he could lay hands on, Wilkinson dashed bareback to Longueuil, forced a Canadian at the point of his sword to help him across the river, and gave the alarm to Arnold. But how could the Montreal garrison escape with its baggage across Carleton's advancing front? The British must be delayed; they must be fought; Sullivan must send a force to do it; and Wilkinson rode off in the darkness to carry

this message. How absurd! Sullivan had only the debris of an army, sleeping in exhaustion where they could, amid oceans of mud and torrents of rain, with nobody awake but the chief officers, and not even a sentry posted to protect them. Demoralization seemed complete; the army was no more. Yet in less than an hour, when morning dawned, Wayne gathered a corps of cheerful, willing troops, and marched off to fight the governor's legions. Army or not, there were men still. Happily they did not have to be sacrificed. Arnold had already crossed the river, and soon was pressing forward to St. John's in safety.

Sullivan, for his part, managed to gather his forces at Chambly; but there, with two armies in pursuit of him, he found a third enemy squarely in front. Roaring and foaming, the Chambly rapids fall a vertical distance of seventy-five feet, and up that height all his boats must climb. But the general was in earnest. Working day and night, he passed the rapids, burned the fort at Chambly, and hurried on to join Arnold, tearing up the bridges as he went. Burgoyne followed. Toward evening on June 18, the British drew near St. John's, and their van was ordered forward on the run. Two horsemen, some distance ahead, watched the column approach. At last they turned and galloped back to the fort. Every American, sick or well, had embarked and left the place. Every musket, every flint, every cannon except three poor ones abandoned at Chambly, had gone, and Fort St. John was in flames. The horsemen dismounted, shot their steeds, and tossed the harness into a waiting boat. One of them, Wilkinson, stepped in, and the other,—it was Arnold,—pushing the boat off, sprang after him. Before they were out of musket-range the British came up. The invasion of Canada had ended.

Carleton was eager to pursue the fugitives, but only a few of the boats that he requested to be sent from England had come, and he found it impossible to build a fleet quickly. The Americans, under Arnold's lead, strained every nerve to place armed vessels on the lake, and almost half of



General Anthony Wayne.

October had gone before the governor defeated them. It was then too late in the season for a new campaign, and he soon retired to winter quarters.

What shall be our verdict on these events? The invasion of Canada seemed unavoidable; it was boldly and shrewdly planned and bravely executed; it missed its aim only by the narrowest of chances. But the sole possible success was

to fail, and therefore it succeeded. To have won that country would have required us to defend it; and any serious endeavor to hold Canada against Great Britain would have divided the resources of the colonies, exhausted their strength, and led to their ruin. Yet a determined fight was necessary, and all the benefits of that we gained. It rendered a British invasion from the north impossible in 1775 and 1776; the power of England, instead of America, was divided; Carleton's ill success cost him for a time the king's favor; the invasion of 1777 was intrusted to a far

less dangerous man; Bennington and Saratoga allied us with France; and French aid insured our independence.

These campaigns were also a dress-rehearsal for the war. People realized what war meant, and Washington discovered where to look for lieutenants. In Montgomery the patriot cause found not only a worthy martyr, but one able to fire the imaginations and the hearts of men. In the capture of regulars and fortresses, the battle with nature, the struggle for Quebec, and the stubborn retreat, America saw that patriots could improvise victories, live without food, battle without weapons, and die without regret. On the one hand, this enterprise helped lead



On the St. Lawrence.

the country from the tone of petition to the tone of independence; on the other, our Declaration looks grander than ever, when we realize that a poor, defeated, humiliated people flung it into the face of triumphant power; and while the inevitable imperfections of humanity showed themselves in these campaigns, yet the lofty patriotism, the keen intelligence, the bold initiative, the dauntless courage, and the sublime fortitude exhibited there, make them not only the prologue of our Revolution, but the prologue of our national career.

WASHINGTON

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

The brilliant historian of the English people¹ has written of Washington, that "no nobler figure ever stood in the fore-front of a nation's life." In any book which undertakes to tell, no matter how slightly, the story of some of the heroic deeds of American history, that noble figure must always stand in the fore-front. But to sketch the life of Washington even in the barest outline is to write the history of the events which made the United States independent and gave birth to the American nation. Even to give a list of what he did, to name his battles and recount his acts as president, would be beyond the limit and the scope of this book. Yet it is always possible to recall the man and to consider what he was and what he meant for us and for mankind. He is worthy the study and the remembrance of all men, and to Americans he is at once a great glory of their past and an inspiration and an assurance of their future.

To understand Washington at all we must first strip off all the myths which have gathered about him. We must cast aside into the dust-heaps all the wretched inventions of the cherry-tree variety, which were fastened upon him nearly seventy years after his birth. We must look at him as he looked at life and the facts about him, without any

¹ John Richard Green.

illusion or deception, and no man in history can better stand such a scrutiny.

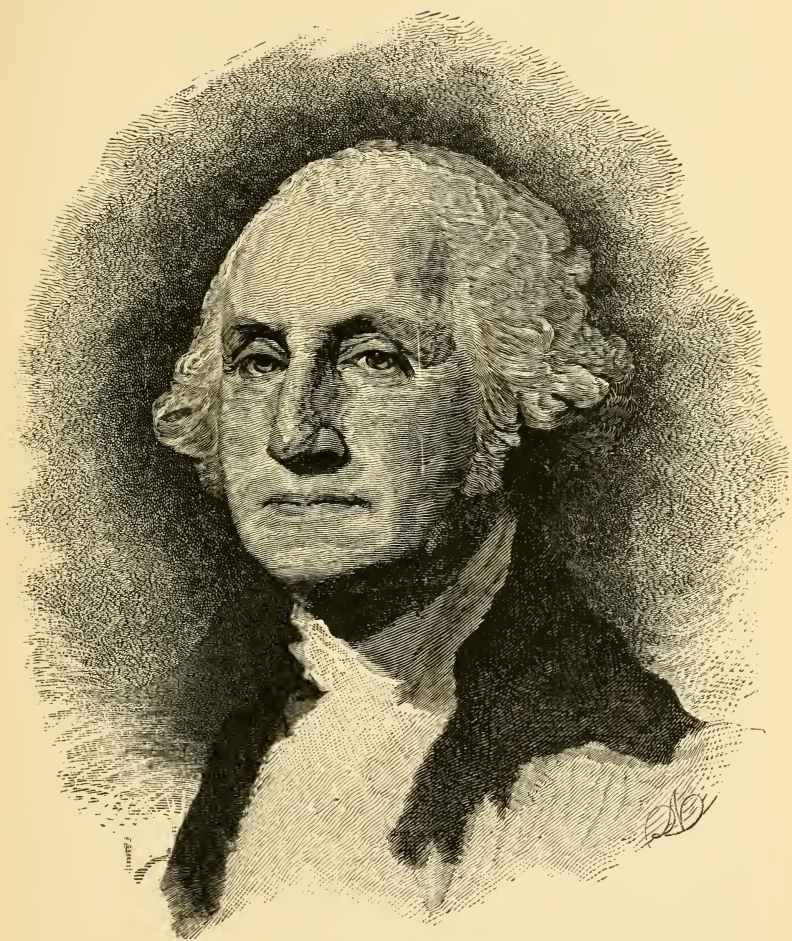
Born of a distinguished family in the days when the American colonies were still ruled by an aristocracy, Washington started with all that good birth and tradition could give. Beyond this, however, he had little. His family was poor, his mother was left early a widow, and he was forced after a very limited education to go out into the world to fight for himself. He had strong within him the adventurous spirit of his race. He became a surveyor, and in the pursuit of this profession plunged into the wilderness, where he soon grew to be an expert hunter and backwoodsman. Even as a boy the gravity of his character and his mental and physical vigor commended him to those about him, and responsibility and military command were put in his hands at an age when most young men are just leaving college. As the times grew threatening on the frontier, he was sent on a perilous mission to the Indians, in which, after passing through many hardships and dangers, he achieved success. When the troubles came with France it was by the soldiers under his command that the first shots were fired in the war which was to determine whether the North American continent should be French or English. In his earliest expedition he was defeated by the enemy. Later he was with Braddock, and it was he who tried to rally the broken English army on the stricken field near Fort Duquesne. On that day of surprise and slaughter he displayed not only cool courage but the reckless daring which was one of his chief characteristics. He so exposed himself that bullets passed through his coat and hat, and the Indians and the French who tried to bring him down thought he bore a charmed life. He afterwards served with

distinction all through the French war, and when peace came he went back to the estate which he had inherited from his brother, the most admired man in Virginia.

At that time he married, and during the ensuing year he lived the life of a Virginia planter, successful in his private affairs and serving the public effectively but quietly as a member of the House of Burgesses. When the troubles with the mother-country began to thicken he was slow to take extreme ground, but he never wavered in his belief that all attempts to oppress the colonies should be resisted, and when he once took up his position there was no shadow of turning. He was one of Virginia's delegates to the first Continental Congress, and, although he said but little, he was regarded by all the representatives from the other colonies as the strongest man among them. There was something about him even then which commanded the respect and the confidence of every one who came in contact with him.

It was from New England, far removed from his own State, that the demand came for his appointment as commander-in-chief of the American army. Silently he accepted the duty, and, leaving Philadelphia, took command of the army at Cambridge. There is no need to trace him through the events that followed. From the time when he drew his sword under the famous elm tree, he was the embodiment of the American Revolution, and without him that revolution would have failed almost at the start. How he carried it to victory through defeat and trial and every possible obstacle is known to all men.

When it was all over he found himself facing a new situation. He was the idol of the country and of his soldiers. The army was unpaid, and the veteran troops,



George Washington.

with arms in their hands, were eager to have him take control of the disordered country as Cromwell had done in England a little more than a century before. With the army at his back, and supported by the great forces which, in every community, desire order before everything else, and are ready to assent to any arrangement which will bring peace and quiet, nothing would have been easier than for Washington to have made himself the ruler of the new nation. But that was not his conception of duty, and he not only refused to have anything to do with such a movement himself, but he repressed, by his dominant personal influence, all such intentions on the part of the army. On the 23d of December, 1783, he met the Congress at Annapolis, and there resigned his commission. What he then said is one of the two most memorable speeches ever made in the United States, and is also memorable for its meaning and spirit among all speeches ever made by men. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations, and my gratitude for the interposition of

Providence and the assistance I have received from my countrymen increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the Army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the Gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in service to the present moment as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

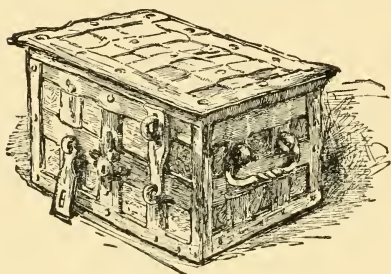
I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

The great master of English fiction, writing of this scene at Annapolis, says: "Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unrepached, a courage indomitable and a consummate victory?"

Washington did not refuse the dictatorship, or, rather, the opportunity to take control of the country, because he feared heavy responsibility, but solely because, as a high-minded and patriotic man, he did not believe in meeting the situation in that way. He was, moreover, entirely

devoid of personal ambition, and had no vulgar longing for personal power. After resigning his commission he returned quietly to Mount Vernon, but he did not hold himself aloof from public affairs. On the contrary, he watched their course with the utmost anxiety. He saw the feeble Confederation breaking to pieces, and he soon realized that that form of government was an utter failure. In a time when no American statesman except Hamilton



Washington's chest.

had yet freed himself from the local feelings of the colonial days, Washington was thoroughly national in all his views. Out of the thirteen jarring colonies he meant that a nation should come, and he saw —

what no one else saw — the destiny of the country to the westward. He wished a nation founded which should cross the Alleghanies, and, holding the mouths of the Mississippi, take possession of all that vast and then unknown region. For these reasons he stood at the head of the national movement, and to him all men turned who desired a better union and sought to bring order out of chaos. With him Hamilton and Madison consulted in the preliminary stages which were to lead to the formation of a new system. It was his vast personal influence which made that movement a success, and when the convention to form a constitution met at Philadelphia, he presided over its deliberations, and it was his commanding will which, more than anything else, brought a constitution

through difficulties and conflicting interests which more than once made any result seem well-nigh hopeless.

When the Constitution formed at Philadelphia had been ratified by the States, all men turned to Washington to stand at the head of the new government. As he had borne the burden of the Revolution, so he now took up the task of bringing the government of the Constitution into existence. For eight years he served as president. He came into office with a paper constitution, the heir of a bankrupt, broken-down confederation. He left the United States, when he went out of office, an effective and vigorous government. When he was inaugurated, we had nothing but the clauses of the Constitution as agreed to by the Convention. When he laid down the presidency, we had an organized government, an established revenue, a funded debt, a high credit, an efficient system of banking, a strong judiciary, and an army. We had a vigorous and well-defined foreign policy; we had recovered the western posts, which, in the hands of the British, had fettered our march to the west; and we had proved our power to maintain order at home, to repress insurrection, to collect the national taxes, and to enforce the laws made by Congress. Thus Washington had shown that rare combination of the leader who could first destroy by revolution, and who, having led his country through a great civil war, was then able to build up a new and lasting fabric upon the ruins of a system which had been overthrown. At the close of his official service he returned again to Mount Vernon, and, after a few years of quiet retirement, died just as the century in which he had played so great a part was closing.

Washington stands among the greatest men of human

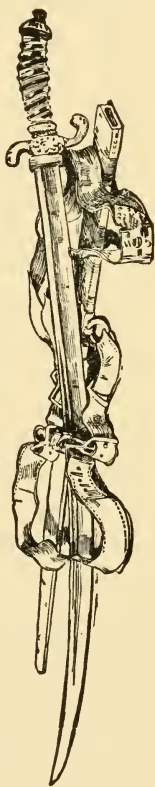
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history, and those in the same rank with him are very few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race. Few men in all time have such a record of achievement. Still fewer can show at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories a life so free from spot, a character so unselfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points demanding either defense or explanation. Eulogy of such a life is needless, but it is always important to recall and to freshly remember just what manner of man he was. In the first place he was physically a striking figure. He was very tall, powerfully made, with a strong, handsome face. He was remarkably muscular and powerful. As a boy he was a leader in all outdoor sports. No one could fling the bar further than he, and no one could ride more difficult horses. As a young man he became a woodsman and hunter. Day after day he could tramp through the wilderness with his gun and his surveyor's chain, and then sleep at night beneath the stars. He feared no exposure or fatigue, and outdid the hardiest backwoodsman in following a winter trail and swimming icy streams. This habit of vigorous bodily exercise he carried through life. Whenever he was at Mount Vernon he gave a large part of his time to fox-hunting, riding after his hounds through the most difficult country. His physical power and endurance counted for much in his success when he commanded his army, and when the heavy anxieties of general and president weighed upon his mind and heart.

He was an educated, but not a learned man. He read

well and remembered what he read, but his life was, from the beginning, a life of action, and the world of men was his school. He was not a military genius like Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, of which the world has had only three or four examples. But he was a great soldier of the type which the English race has produced, like Marlborough and Cromwell, Wellington, Grant, and Lee. He was patient under defeat, capable of large combinations, a stubborn and often reckless fighter, a winner of battles, but much more, a conclusive winner in a long war of varying fortunes. He was, in addition, what very few great soldiers or commanders have ever been, a great constitutional statesman, able to lead a people along the paths of free government without undertaking himself to play the part of the strong man, the usurper, or the saviour of society.

He was a very silent man. Of no man of equal importance in the world's history have we so few sayings of a personal kind. He was ready enough to talk or to write about the public duties which he had in hand, but he hardly ever talked of himself. Yet there can be no greater error than to suppose Washington cold and unfeeling, because of his silence and reserve. He was by nature a man of strong desires and stormy passions. Now and again he would break out, even as late as the presidency, into a gust of anger that would sweep everything before it.



Washington's sword.

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He was always reckless of personal danger, and had a fierce fighting spirit which nothing could check when it was once unchained.

But as a rule these fiery impulses and strong passions were under the absolute control of an iron will, and they never clouded his judgment or warped his keen sense of justice.

But if he was not of a cold nature, still less was he hard or unfeeling. His pity always went out to the poor, the oppressed, or the unhappy, and he was all that was kind and gentle to those immediately about him.

We have to look carefully into his life to learn all these things, for the world saw only a silent, reserved man, of courteous and serious manner, who seemed to stand alone and apart, and who impressed every one who came near him with a sense of awe and reverence.

One quality he had which was, perhaps, more characteristic of the man and his greatness than any other. This was his perfect veracity of mind. He was, of course, the soul of truth and honor, but he was even more than that. He never deceived himself. He always looked facts squarely in the face and dealt with them as such, dreaming no dreams, cherishing no delusions, asking no impossibilities,—just to others as to himself, and thus winning alike in war and in peace.

He gave dignity as well as victory to his country and his cause. He was, in truth, a “character for after ages to admire.”

WASHINGTON AS AN ATHLETE

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

No boy can imagine a better place in which to grow up than Virginia in the days of Washington's boyhood. The house of every planter in the "tide-water" region, where families first formed into what they called neighborhoods, was built in the midst of a vast estate. To go abroad meant to tramp or ride for hours on one's own land, in glorious forests where the wigwam's smoke had scarcely ceased to curl. Deer looked with mild-eyed wonder at the passers-by. Small game of infinite variety was to be had by raising a rifle to the shoulder. Grapes and nuts grew upon low-swung branches, and springs of delicious water bubbled under foot. In the clearings the rich soil laughed when they tickled it, yielding corn and tobacco, vegetables and flowers.

As early as 1623, there was a famous plantation upon the lower James, called Littleton, where peach trees bore luscious fruit, and in the garden of two acres belonging to the house grew "primroses, sage, marjoram, and rosemary," to remind its owner of the Old Country; while his orchards were filled with "apple, cherry, pear, and plum trees." Most of the plantations bordered upon majestic rivers, whose shallows supplied oysters, terrapins, crabs, and ducks, in countless numbers. The waters of such streams, warmed by the southern sun, making bathing and swimming a luxury, were alive with fish, both great and small.

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Whatever those old Virginians lacked, it was not good things to eat, while Nature thus emptied her horn of plenty at their doors!

Life under such conditions, with a horde of lazy, well-fed colored people to do the farm-work, guests on horseback coming, going, staying as long as it pleased them to rest their horses, was a very easy one. The occupations of the men were almost entirely out-of-doors. Hunting, fox-chasing, angling, trapping, breaking colts, and riding around their big estates, filled up their days. Until of an age to be put aboard some slow-sailing tobacco ship, and started in the captain's care to some relative or friend in England, who would superintend their schooling, the sons of the colonists followed in the footsteps of their sires.

In this way was nursed the generation that produced the band of Virginian patriots of which Washington was chief. Luckily for him and for America, Washington's bringing up was less luxurious than that of his friends and kinsmen. Circumstances, and his mother, trained the lad to be as hardy as an Indian on the war-path, and as simple and self-reliant as a New England farm-boy of the type that gave statesmen to the North. For him, there was no voyage to the mother-country, with grand opportunities for rubbing off colonial awkwardness. His first schooling (if the chronicler Weems be right) was derived from one of his father's tenants—a slow, rusty old man named Hobby, who was sexton as well as dominie, and who, in the intervals of teaching “the three R's” to the neighbors' girls and boys, swept out the church, and, now and then, dug a grave. The next master was a certain Mr. Williams, graduate of the Wakefield school in Yorkshire, upon whom Weems be-

stows this rap, in passing: "Mr. Williams, George's first tutor, knew as little Latin as Balaam's ass."

Latin or not, George acquired the foundation of a fair education for that time, and to this his enormous industry, aided by much reading of good English literature in after days, supplied what was lacking.

People who have forgotten Washington's battles remember the cherry-tree and his hatchet. Weems started that pleasing tale, and it is he who tells also of a race on foot between George and his neighbor, "Langy Dade."

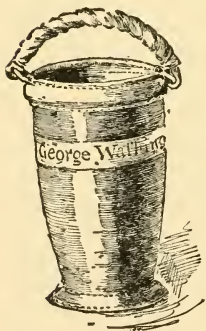
First, let me tell you — for boys to-day resemble the Apostle Paul in one thing, certainly: they like to prove all things — that among the many authors who have written about the youth of Washington, the one upon whose preserves all the rest have browsed, whose quaint stories have come to be our classics, was this very Parson Weems.

People who have grown up in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, where Weems was well known, are not quite sure whether there ever was a hatchet — or, for that matter, even a cherry-tree in the garden of excellent Mr. Augustine Washington, near Fredericksburg!

For Parson Weems was reputed to have a very vivid imagination. He used to drive about Fairfax County in an old-fashioned gig with a calash, peddling his own books and others, from plantation to plantation. When he succeeded in making a sale, he would whip out the fiddle that always accompanied him, and, standing up in his gig, play the merriest, maddest dance-music. The negroes, who stood gaping round his gig, could no more resist him than the rats could resist the Pied Piper of Hamelin! First, they swayed, then they beat time with foot and hand, and

at last broke into a regular corn-shucking jig! When Weems remained overnight at the house of one of his patrons, he would volunteer to read family prayers, and at the moment the last "Amen" was said, would fall to playing reels and jigs upon his fiddle. His sermons were the oddest ever heard from a Church of England clergyman. He was often at Mount Vernon, and from General and Mrs. Washington he received many kindnesses. In the course of much fireside gossip, during his wanderings from one country-house to another, Mr. Weems picked up the anecdotes of Washington's youth, which he has told in his book. And if you are ever so fortunate as to visit the rooms of the Society Library in University Place, New York, ask permission to see a copy they have there, an early edition, of this famous "Life of George Washington." It was published in 1814, with an introduction by "Light Horse Harry Lee."

And now for the foot-races, as reported by Parson Weems: " 'Egad! he ran wonderfully,' said my amiable and aged friend, John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew Washington well. 'We had nobody hereabouts that could come near him. There was a young Langhorn Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner, too. But then, he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up, and would brag that he had sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough.' "



As in running, so in wrestling, in the use of foils, in high-jumping, climbing, shooting at a mark, and pitching quoits, George excelled his mates. Before our war between the States, they used to show at an old tobacco-warehouse in Alexandria some weights,—one, I believe, of more than fifty pounds,—said to have been thrown by Washington in a match where first boys, then men, were surpassed and put to confusion by his achievements. His unusually long arms and immense hands were justly a source of wonder in such contests.

The river near which was his first home,—the Rappahannock,—while not so wide as the Potomac or the James, is yet wide enough to fill with astonishment the looker-on who is to-day shown where young Washington threw a piece of slate the size of a silver dollar across the river, clearing thirty yards beyond the opposite bank. Of the many who have since tried to emulate this feat, not one, it is claimed, has succeeded in clearing even the water there. Another time, Washington stood in the bed of the stream running under the Natural Bridge of Virginia, which towers two hundred feet above, and hurled a stone upon the top of the arch. And again, when older, he threw a stone from the Palisades into the Hudson.

Washington never lost his taste for this branch of athletics. Charles Wilson Peale, the soldier-artist, who portrayed several of the heroes of the Revolution at headquarters during their campaigns, was himself an adept in athletic exercises. On one occasion, in 1772, while at Mount Vernon, there was upon the lawn a party of young fellows, playing at “pitching the bar,” when Colonel Washington suddenly appeared among them, and, without taking off his coat, held out his hand to claim the bar. “No

sooner," said Peale, in describing the scene to a friend, "did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than it lost the power of gravitation and whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far, beyond our utmost limits. We were indeed amazed as we stood around, all stripped to the buff, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, and having thought ourselves very clever fellows; while the Colonel, on retiring, pleasantly observed, 'When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again.'"

A tale still current in Washington's old home neighborhood in Virginia recounts how once as a stripling he sat reading under the shade of an oak-tree near his school. Some of his friends had engaged a champion wrestler of the county to test their strength in an impromptu ring. One after another fell a victim to the champion's skill, till, grown bold at last, he strode back and forth like one of the giants of old-time romance, daring the only boy who had not wrestled with him either to put his book down and come into the ring or own himself afraid!

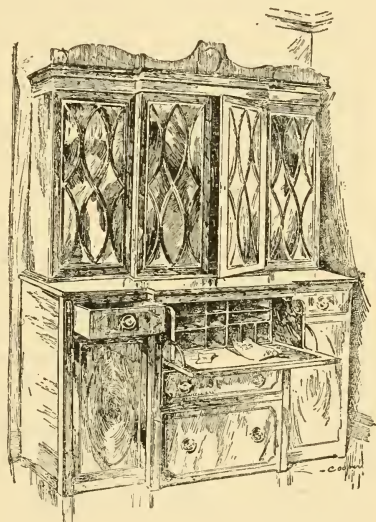
This was more than the self-contained Washington could stand. Quietly closing his book, he accepted the challenge. Long after, when the student under the oak-tree had become the conqueror with whose honored name the whole civilized world resounded, the ex-champion told what followed, "After a fierce, short struggle," he said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground, with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones."

With the memory of these boyish encounters in mind, and with all his sympathy for athletic exercises, think what it must have been to Washington, when Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army, to come upon a party of his young officers amusing themselves at a game of

“fives,” and, in spite of his evident enjoyment of the sport, to find them too much overcome with awe to go on playing.

It was in vain that the General encouraged them to resume their sport; so, at last, feeling that greatness has its drawbacks, he bowed, wished his officers good-day, and walked away.

As a horseman, from beginning to end of his vigorous life, Washington had no peer. Like all Virginian boys, he took to the saddle as a duck takes to water. Once astride his steed, it was all but impossible to dislodge him. From the day when as a lad he first rode to hounds after old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, across the county named for that worthy nobleman, he was a skilled and dashing fox-hunter. In the army,



Washington's secretary and book-case.

when on horseback, riding down the line, cheered to the echo by the soldiers, who believed, with a superstition worthy of the ancients, that here was a being born to lead them, he was physically the most imposing figure present. In person, Washington showed in his maturity the fruits of the lifetime he had given to what athletes nowadays call “training.” His habits, at all times, were those exacted of a “crew” or “team” of modern days, before the occasions when those heroes appear in

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public, to fill with despair or exultation the bosoms of their friends. From the Indians of the Shenandoah wilderness, among whom he spent weeks during his first surveying tour, he learned the swift, elastic tread that distinguished him in walking. His powers of endurance were worthy of his extraordinary physical strength, though it must be said he had few illnesses to test his constitution, and, indeed, was rarely ailing. It may be some consolation to aspirant heroes of the future to hear, while upon this topic, that Mrs. Washington said it was well the general was so rarely ill, as she could never get him to take his medicine!

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

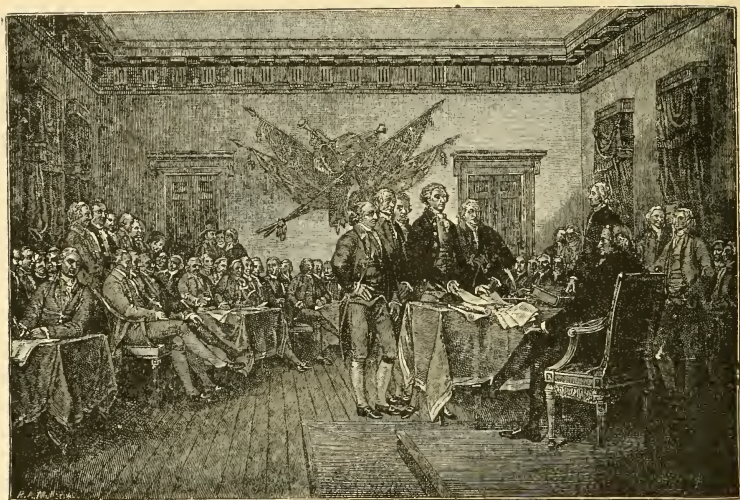
BY MARY V. WORSTELL

How many boys and girls can tell, without a moment's hesitation, the number of men who signed the Declaration of Independence? There are doubtless many who can answer correctly, fifty-six.

But how much do we know about the lives and personalities of these men? and have we ever stopped to think what it meant to them to put their names to the most famous document in the history of our country? Now and then we meet people who can say that they are descendants of some "signer," and very proud they seem to be of that fact. They may well be proud, for consider for a moment what it meant to sign the Great Document. It meant that the signer publicly proclaimed himself an enemy to a great and powerful king — became a rebel, in fact; and we all know the fate that commonly overtakes rebels. To-day we seldom think of the trials and misfortunes that followed the signing; we think only of the glory.

Although George III paid little attention to the many protests that had been presented to him by the colonies, he yet kept a close watch on these restless subjects, and his representatives well knew all that was going on.

To the Second Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia in 1776, were sent, from the thirteen original colo-



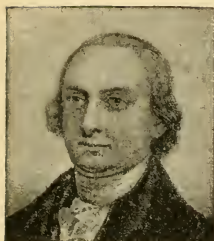
Signing the Declaration.

nies, delegates whose loyalty was undoubted. Patriotism was not profitable in those far-away days. Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, sacrificed a large fortune in his country's behalf; Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, also lost a large fortune by the war; while the immortal Samuel Adams, who dedicated his life to the service of his beloved country, lived and died a poor man.

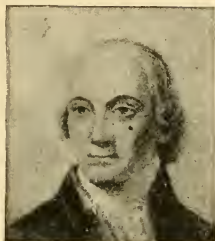
But let me present to you, very briefly, these fifty-six men; and possibly, after this introduction, you may wish to know more of their lives and achievements.

GEORGIA

Georgia sent three delegates, and of these (1) George Walton was the youngest. He was an ambitious boy who was apprenticed to a carpenter so niggardly that he would not allow the lad a candle by which to study. Luckily,



George Walton



Lyman Hall

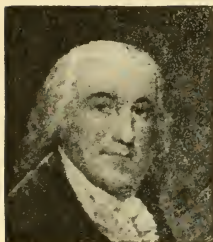


Button Gwinnett

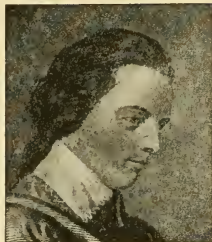
wood was plentiful, and by the light of a burning torch Walton studied hard and in time became a lawyer. (2) Lyman Hall came from New England. Before he was twenty-one he had married and settled in Georgia, to which place he was accompanied by about forty families. The patriotism of these settlers has left a permanent impress on the State, for its counties were named after such British statesmen as showed themselves friends to the American colonies. Look them up on the map and see if this is not so. You will find also a county named after this signer. (3) Button Gwinnett was an Englishman who came to this country when he was thirty-eight years old. He took up the cause of the oppressed colonies with much enthusiasm — too much, in fact, for he became involved in a quarrel, and in the duel which followed he lost his life.

SOUTH CAROLINA

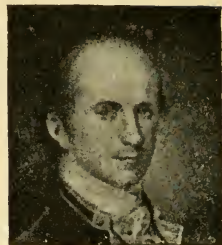
South Carolina furnished four delegates, among them (1) Edward Rutledge, who was the youngest man to sign the Declaration, for he was only twenty-seven at the time. All of the South Carolina signers — Rutledge, (2) Arthur Middleton, (3) Thomas Heyward, Jr., and (4) Thomas



Edward Rutledge

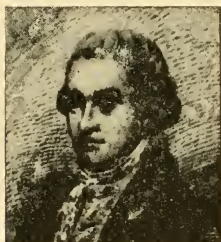


Arthur Middleton



Thomas Heyward, Jr.

Lynch, Jr.—came of wealthy families, and the three former had received the benefit of a foreign education. Three years after signing the Declaration, Thomas Lynch, then in poor health, sailed for France, and his ship never was heard of again. While Arthur Middleton was in Phila-

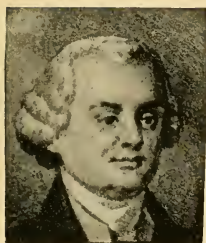


Thomas Lynch, Jr.

delphia, a delegate to the Second Continental Congress, he and John Hancock, with their families, occupied the same house. Both men were wealthy and hospitable, and they drew around them a choice circle of friends. Lynch was the only signer from South Carolina who did not suffer imprisonment for his efforts in his country's behalf.

NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina sent three delegates. (1) Joseph Hewes was born a Quaker; he was a man of intense patriotism, and in time he became the first Secretary of the Navy, with almost unlimited powers; and though to him the war meant great financial loss, he never swerved in his devotion to his country. (2) William Hooper was a Boston man who was



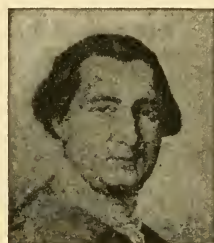
William Hooper

partly educated by his father, who was pastor of Trinity Church. Having studied law, he settled in North Carolina; but his life in the new country proved a hard one,



Joseph Hewes

for the only way of traveling was on horseback, and some of the courts were two hundred miles from his home. (3) John Penn was a bright boy whose early education was neglected, but this loss was speedily made good when his relative, the distinguished Edmund Pendleton, placed his fine library at the lad's disposal. John Penn filled many offices, and on the return of peace he withdrew to private life, not enriched, but impoverished, by the offices he had held.



John Penn

MARYLAND

Maryland sent four delegates. (1) William Paca was a man of graceful address and polished manners and came of a fine old family, while (2) Thomas Stone was a younger son with no prospects at all. But he was eager for an education, and he secured it by daily attendance at a school ten miles from his home. It would be easy to predict success for a boy of such pluck; and indeed he achieved success, for five times he was elected to Congress. (3)



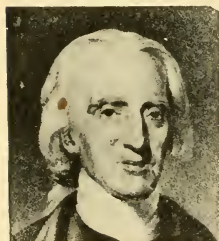
William Paca

Samuel Chase was called the "Demos-thenes of Maryland." He was a fine orator and a kindly man as well. One time, on a visit to Baltimore, he met a young man in whom he became



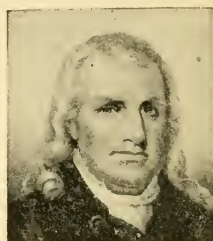
Thomas Stone

much interested. He not only placed his library at his disposal; he invited him to make his home with him. Chase lived to see his generosity justified, for the young man was no other than William Pinckney, one of the most



Charles Carroll

distinguished lawyers our country has ever produced. (4) Charles Carroll of Carrollton (the "of Carrollton" was added by him to identify himself for punishment in case

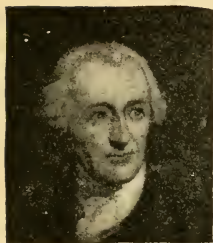


Samuel Chase

the mother-country won) and destined to outlive all the others.

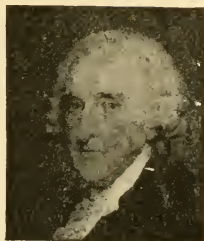
DELAWARE

Delaware sent three representatives. (1) George Read was a man of cool and deliberate judgment in spite of Irish descent; and an interesting phase of his character is shown in the fact that his first act as a lawyer was to give up all rights to his father's estate, declaring that his education



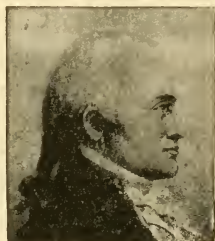
George Read

represented his proper share. (2) Thomas McKean was a truly remarkable man. For fifty years he was in public life, and he filled many prominent and honorable



Thomas McKean

offices. For many years he was Governor of Pennsylvania. The third delegate, (3) Cæsar Rodney, chanced to be in Delaware when the Declaration was ready for signing. Read was slow to favor independence, while McKean was eager for it. The vote of Rodney, therefore, would turn the scales for Delaware, so McKean sent a special messenger to Rodney, urging his immediate return to Philadelphia. The result was a hurried ride on horseback of eighty miles; a historic ride that decided the vote for the Declaration. Rodney reached Philadelphia just in the nick of time, and an old record says that "he voted with his boots on."



Cæsar Rodney

RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island furnished two delegates, (1) Stephen Hopkins and (2) William Ellery. Next to Benjamin Franklin, Hopkins was the oldest man to sign the Declaration. Though his education was meager, he was ambitious to learn, and by hard study he became a fine mathematician

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and surveyor. William Ellery paid dearly for his connection with the Continental Congress, for the British



Stephen Hopkins

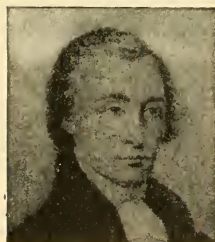


William Ellery

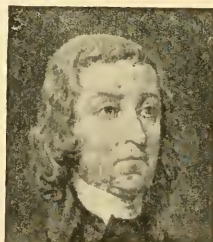
burned his home, and other property of his was seriously damaged.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Of New Hampshire's three delegates, two were physicians. When (1) Dr. Matthew Thornton was only thirty-



Matthew Thornton



Josiah Bartlett



William Whipple

one he took part in the famous capture of Louisbourg by Pepperel and Warren, assuming, with success, the medical care of the New Hampshire division. (2) Dr. Josiah

Bartlett was an energetic man whose profession could not keep him out of political life. During the sixty-six years of his life he did the work of a dozen men. (3) William Whipple began his life under unfavorable circumstances, for he was a sailor, and before he was twenty-one he was in charge of a vessel engaged in importing slaves. But this life was soon given up, and he rendered fine service in Congress, where his knowledge of naval affairs proved valuable on various committees.

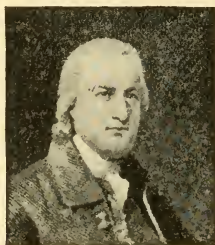
CONNECTICUT

Connecticut furnished four delegates. (1) Oliver Wolcott came of a famous Connecticut family and was destined for the medical profession. But he soon abandoned medicine for politics and military life, and quickly rose to distinction. (2) William Williams was a nephew of Colonel Ephraim Williams, who founded Williamstown and Williams College. With this uncle, William Williams, while still a young man, made a journey to Lake George, and the glimpse of military life under British officers that this afforded served to strengthen his wish for independence.

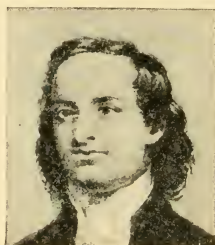
Connecticut may well be proud of (3) Samuel Huntington and (4) Roger Sherman, for the first was a farmer's son, yet so eager was he for an education that he not only acquired it, but he held high offices. In 1780 this farmer's son was President of Congress and later Governor of Connecticut, while Roger Sherman spent the first twenty-two years of his life at the cobbler's bench. But a book was always close at hand, so that every spare moment might be

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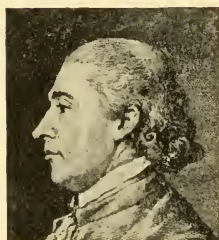
put to good use. He not only filled many public offices; he was one of the five appointed to draw up the Declaration — a great honor, only to be bestowed on one of ripe judgment.



Oliver Wolcott



William Williams



Samuel Huntington



Roger Sherman

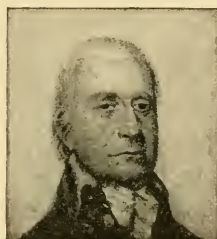
John Adams said that “Roger Sherman had a clear head and a steady heart, and was one of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution.”

NEW YORK

New York sent four representatives. (1) Both Francis Lewis and (2) William Floyd were of Welsh descent, and both made to suffer greatly for signing the Declaration,

for their homes were plundered and destroyed by the British.

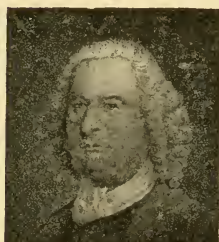
(3) Lewis Morris, still another New York signer, was made to suffer also, for he was a rich man with a great estate.



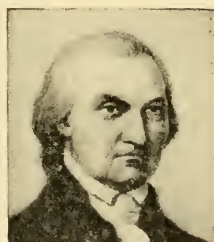
Francis Lewis



Lewis Morris



Philip Livingston



William Floyd

A British force was stationed near his home; nevertheless, he pluckily put his name to the document. In revenge, the British burned his home and more than a thousand acres of woodland. But the patriotism of Lewis Morris never wavered, and in time his three sons took up arms in behalf of their country. The name of Livingston has long been an honored one in the annals of New York City. In 1746 there were but few in the whole colony who had

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received a college education, and of these (4) Philip Livingston was one. After graduating from Yale College he engaged in commerce and soon laid the foundation of an ample fortune. At the age of forty-six his health failed, but, being a member of Congress, he would not abandon the duties of his office. He died while in office, deeply lamented by the young nation he had served so faithfully.

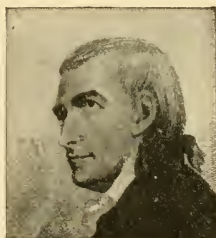
NEW JERSEY

Of the five delegates sent to Philadelphia by New Jersey, two were farmers, (1) John Hart and (2) Abraham Clark. When the British invaded New Jersey, Hart's home and farm were laid waste and Hart himself, then a man of seventy-one, was hunted from place to place. Tradition says that at one time he was so sorely beset that he was obliged to hide in a dog-kennel. It is pleasant to know that he lived to repair the damage done by his enemies. Abraham Clark was one of those who were eager for independence, and he did all in his power to secure it for his country. (3) Francis Hopkinson was a fine student and a member of the first class that the University of Pennsylvania ever graduated. No noisy fun for him, for, as Dr. Benjamin Rush quaintly says of him, "his wit was mild and elegant and infused cheerfulness and a species of delicate joy into the hearts of all who heard it." (4) Richard Stockton was a man of wealth, position, and culture. He was born in the town of Princeton, New Jersey, and he conferred a great favor on the college there when he induced to come to this country (5) Dr. John Witherspoon, a learned Scottish divine. Dr. Witherspoon was the only

clergyman to sign the Declaration. He was the sixth president of Princeton College, and devoted himself not only to



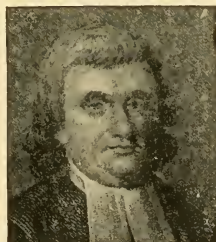
Abraham Clark



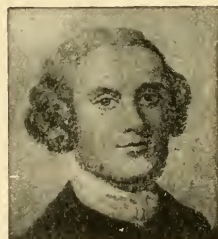
Francis Hopkinson



John Hart



John Witherspoon



Richard Stockton

the college, but to the country of his adoption, for it is said that he became an American and an ardent patriot as soon as he reached our shores.

PENNSYLVANIA

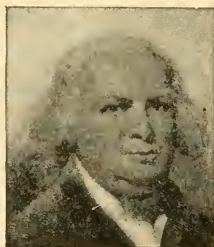
Pennsylvania sent more delegates than any other colony — nine. (1) Benjamin Franklin was the oldest of all the signers. We may be sure that this truly great man was a prominent figure in that remarkable gathering. Almost

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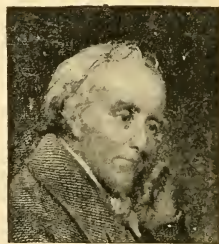
as notable was (2) Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. Though he was slow at first to favor independence, later he showed the truest patriotism, for his financial aid tided the young country over serious difficulties. "The Americans," says one historian, "owe as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Robert Morris as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin, or even to the arms of Washington." (3) Dr. Benjamin Rush may well be honored, for he was a physician of high standing; and in 1793, when Philadelphia was visited by yellow fever, and more than 4500 fell victims in three months, Dr. Rush was one of three physicians who nobly remained at their posts. (4) James Wilson was a young Scotchman who came to this country when he was twenty-one. By the time he was only twenty-six he was the acknowledged head of the Philadelphia bar. The name of this signer has recently been brought into notice. He died while at Edenton, North Carolina, but in 1906 his remains were brought to Philadelphia, where they were interred in the graveyard of Christ's Church. There were appropriate ceremonies in which many legal and patriotic societies took part, as well as representatives of the national



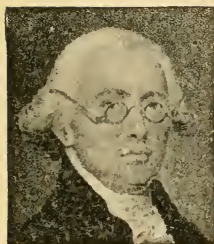
Benjamin Franklin



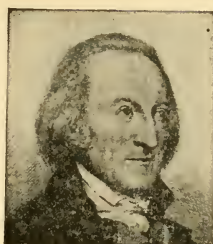
Robert Morris



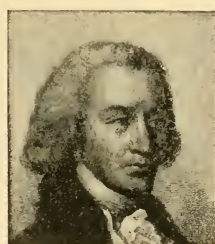
Benjamin Rush



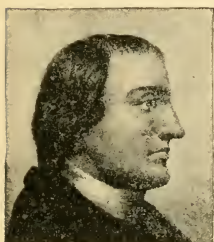
James Wilson



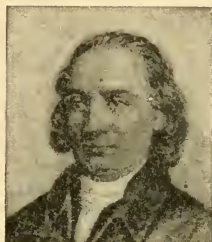
George Clymer



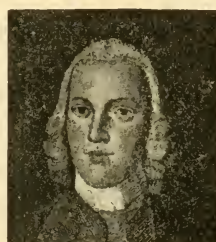
James Smith



George Taylor



John Morton



George Ross

government. (5) George Clymer was another delegate of sturdy patriotism, and so was (6) James Smith. The latter was a man of genial disposition, keen sense of humor, and great benevolence. (7) George Taylor was an Irishman, and came to this country to avoid studying medicine. He worked in a foundry, and after some years he became its proprietor. (8) John Morton was a boy who had but three months' schooling, but this was followed by such wide reading and study, under the supervision of his stepfather, that in time he became one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. (9) George Ross, still another of the Pennsylvania signers, must have been

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a model delegate, for his conduct in Congress was so highly approved by his constituents that they voted him more than six hundred dollars with which to purchase a piece of silver. But Ross was as modest as he was loyal, and he refused the gift.

MASSACHUSETTS

The five delegates from Massachusetts Bay formed a famous group. (1) Elbridge Gerry was in public life many years. From the time when he first took his seat in the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, at the age of twenty-nine, till, as Vice-President of the United States, under Madison, he died, at the age of seventy, the story of his life is the story of devotion to country. (2) Robert Treat Paine was born, so the chroniclers tell us, "of pious and respectable parents." He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, and on graduating he taught school for a time in order to earn enough money to study law, and in time he won distinction as an able lawyer. The careers of (3) John Adams and his kinsman, (4) Samuel Adams, cannot be summed up in a few words. John Adams was a man of marvelous industry, serving in Congress on no less than ninety different committees. He was twice Vice-President before filling the Presidential chair for one term; and the closing years of his busy and useful life were brightened by watching the career of his son, John Quincy Adams, who, in time, also became President — a wonderful record only equaled by the Harrisons of Virginia. John Adams was said to have "the clearest head and the firmest heart of any man in Congress." Samuel Adams embarked for a time in commerce, but this proved as disastrous as his

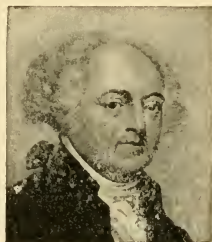
political life was brilliant. He made no secret of his wish for independence, and this so irritated Governor Gage that he issued his celebrated proclamation in which he promised pardon to all who would lay down their arms, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock." He held many honorable offices in the young State of Massachusetts, and in time he succeeded John Hancock as Governor. He died in his eighty-second year, a very poor man. In fact, he has been called "the poor gentleman." But now his country glories in his illustrious name and record. (5) John Hancock was a born leader, and at the age of thirty-nine he was elected President of the immortal Second Continental Con-



Elbridge Gerry



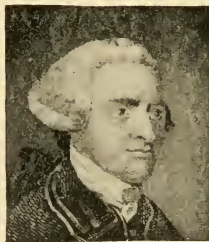
Robert T. Paine



John Adams



Samuel Adams



John Hancock

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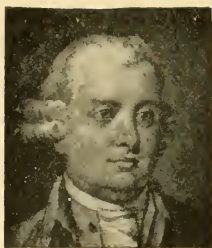
gress. Though a rich man, he was a sincere patriot, for when it was proposed to bombard Boston, he gave a prompt and hearty assent, though it would have caused his financial ruin. He loyally declared that his private fortune should on no occasion oppose an obstacle to the liberties of his country. Of all the signatures on the Declaration, we recall Hancock's first; for he said, when he wrote his name, — he wrote with unusual distinctness, — that "George III might read it without spectacles." Hancock was Governor of Massachusetts for many years.

VIRGINIA

The Virginia signers all came of prominent families. (1) Carter Braxton was educated at William and Mary College, and this was followed by a three years' sojourn abroad. On his return he was drawn into local politics, and for many years he was a notable figure in the history of his colony. (2) Benjamin Harrison entered public life while he was still a young man. Great Britain recognized his influence and sought to conciliate him, but his patriotism was sturdy and he was not to be bought over. In time he became Governor of Virginia, and a popular one he proved. (3) Thomas Nelson, Jr., was one of the richest men in Virginia, in those far-away days. Like Carter Braxton, he was born to wealth, and his education was completed in England. One incident of his life shows us how true a patriot he was, for when he was in command of the State militia at Yorktown it was thought that a decided advantage might be gained by bombarding his home. He at once directed the gunners to attack it, saying, "Spare no particle of my property so long as it affords comfort or

shelter to the enemies of my country.” In this he followed Hancock’s unselfish example. The name of Lee has been an honored one in Virginia for many years. (4) Francis Lightfoot Lee was a close personal friend of Washington, and though he cared little for public life, he did not shirk its duties. For seven years he was a member of the House of Burgesses, and for four years a member of the Continental Congress. In his own home he was always the charming host, the bright and witty companion, the self-forgetting friend. His more brilliant brother, (5) Richard Henry Lee, was so gifted an orator that he was called “the Cicero of America.” He was always eager for complete independence, and so it is not to be wondered at that it was this ardent patriot who was the first to propose that “these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.” This was immediately seconded by that other ardent lover of liberty, John Adams. Jefferson alludes to Lee as “eloquent, bold, and ever watchful at his post.” (6) Chancellor George Wythe was a famous figure in the early history of Virginia. He was born to wealth, he was finely educated, and in time he won high distinction at the bar. But to-day he is recalled as the wise teacher of Thomas Jefferson. Both master and pupil signed the Great Document.

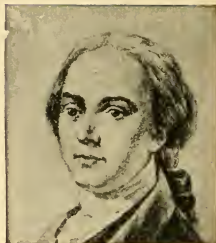
In thinking of the Declaration, one name always stands out like a great mountain peak, towering above all others—the name of Thomas Jefferson; for it was this gifted man who drew up the document, and he did it with such skill that hardly a word of it was changed. As Richard Henry Lee was the first to make a motion suggesting independence, it would have been the usual and courteous thing to make him chairman of the committee to draw up



Benjamin Harrison



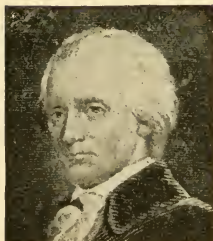
Carter Braxton



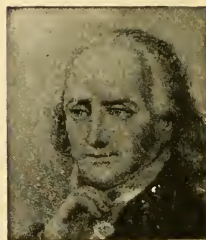
Thomas Nelson



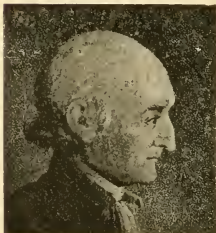
Thomas Jefferson



Richard H. Lee



Francis L. Lee



George Wythe

the document. But Lee was suddenly recalled to his Virginia home, and so it seemed only fair to assign the delicate task to some other delegate from the same colony. Jefferson was no orator, but he had already earned an enviable reputation as a writer of important state documents. So to him was assigned the delicate but momentous task. How well he performed we may know from the fact that his four associates could suggest only a very few changes.

Many of the signers reached high offices in the young republic. Many became governors of the new States, and two were elevated to the Presidency, Jefferson and John Adams. One truly remarkable fact may be recalled in connection with these two, namely, that both men died on the same day; and, what was still more remarkable, they died just fifty years to a day after the united colonies were declared independent, namely, on July 4, 1826. And when they passed away there was but one signer living, the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who survived Jefferson and Adams for six years, for he lived to be ninety-six years old.

And who shall describe the actual signing of the Great Document! We can imagine these fine and courtly gentlemen going, one by one, to the broad table which may be seen to-day in Independence Hall. William Ellery, one of the Rhode Island delegates, afterward declared: "I placed myself beside the Secretary and eyed each closely as he affixed his name to the document. Undaunted resolution was displayed in every countenance." It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the lives of these fearless men who, believing in the righteousness of their cause, hazarded lives and fortunes in the great name of Liberty.

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THE PORTRAITS OF THE 56 SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(Arranged in alphabetical order. From the Emmet collection, New York City)

1. John Adams. 2. Samuel Adams. 3. Josiah Bartlett. 4. Carter Braxton. 5. Charles Carroll. 6. Samuel Chase. 7. Abraham Clark. 8. George Clymer. 9. William Ellery. 10. William Floyd. 11. Benjamin Franklin. 12. Elbridge Gerry. 13. Button Gwinnett. 14. Lyman Hall. 15. John Hancock. 16. Benjamin Harrison. 17. John Hart. 18. Joseph Hewes. 19. Thomas Heyward, Jr. 20. William Hooper. 21. Stephen Hopkins. 22. Francis Hopkinson. 23. Samuel Huntington. 24. Thomas Jefferson. 25. Francis Lightfoot Lee. 26. Richard Henry Lee. 27. Francis Lewis. 28. Philip Livingston. 29. Thomas Lynch, Jr. 30. Thomas McKean. 31. Arthur Middleton. 32. Lewis Morris. 33. Robert Morris. 34. John Morton. 35. Thomas Nelson. 36. William Paca. 37. Robert Treat Paine. 38. John Penn. 39. George Read. 40. Caesar Rodney. 41. George Ross. 42. Benjamin Rush. 43. Edward Rutledge. 44. Roger Sherman. 45. James Smith. 46. Richard Stockton. 47. Thomas Stone. 48. George Taylor. 49. Matthew Thornton. 50. George Walton. 51. William Whipple. 52. William Williams. 53. James Wilson. 54. John Witherspoon. 55. Oliver Wolcott. 56. George Wythe.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON (1777)

FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT

BY

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

I have the honor to inform you, that, since the date of my last from Trenton, I have removed with the army under my command to this place. The difficulty of crossing the Delaware, on account of the ice, made our passage over it tedious, and gave the enemy an opportunity of drawing in their several cantonments, and assembling their whole force at Princeton. Their large pickets advanced towards Trenton, their great preparations, and some intelligence I had received, added to their knowledge, that the 1st of January brought on a dissolution of the best part of our army, gave me the strongest reasons to conclude, that an attack upon us was meditating. . . .

On the 2d [of January, 1777], according to my expectation, the enemy began to advance upon us; and, after some skirmishing, the head of their column reached Trenton about four o'clock, whilst their rear was as far back as Maidenhead. They attempted to pass Sanpink Creek, which runs through Trenton, at different places; but, finding the forts guarded, they halted, and kindled their fires. We were drawn up on the other side of the creek. In this situation we remained till dark, cannonading the enemy, and receiving the fire of their field-pieces, which did us but little damage.

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Having by this time discovered, that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark; and at twelve o'clock after renewing our fires, and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton, and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a roundabout road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left, and might have stores. One thing I was certain of, that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat (which was of consequence, or to run the hazard of the whole army being cut off), whilst we might by a fortunate stroke withdraw General Howe from Trenton, and give some reputation to our arms. Happily we succeeded. We found Princeton about sunrise, with only three regiments and three troops of light-horse in it,

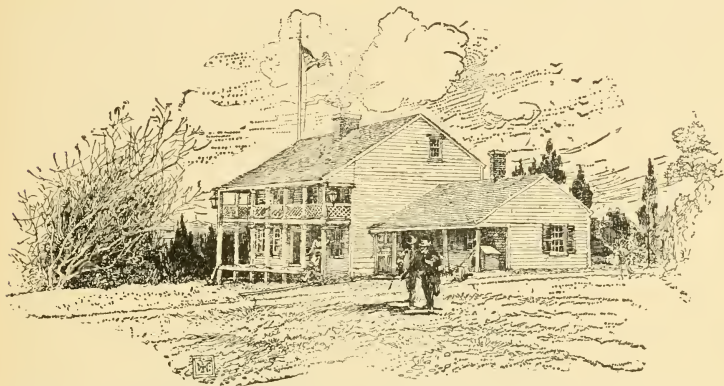


Nassau Hall, Princeton University, a famous relic of the Revolution.

two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have lost five hundred men; upwards of one hundred of them were left dead on the field; and, with what I have with me

and what were taken in the pursuit and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British. . . .

. . . The militia are taking spirits, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this State [New Jersey]; but I fear



House at Rocky Hill, from which Washington, in 1783, issued his "Farewell Orders."

those from Philadelphia will scarcely submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice however to add, that they have undergone more fatigue and hardships, than I expected militia, especially citizens, would have done at this inclement season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavor to put them under the best cover I can. Hitherto we have been without any; and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill clad in other respects. . . .

NOTE

Washington spent nearly three months near Princeton in the autumn of 1783, his residence being at a modest home above the hamlet of Rocky Hill. The house has been rescued from decay, and is piously preserved as a colonial and revolutionary museum. Well it might be. Near the scene of his greatest strategic feat, perhaps while riding about the battle-field itself, he may have conceived the substance of what he embodied in his "Farewell Orders to the Armies of the United States" and dated Rocky Hill, November 2, 1783. If so, Princeton saw the double climax of his civil and military greatness.

Nassau Hall is a historic building indeed. It had been the academy of Witherspoon's boys — Madison, Ellsworth, and the rest of them; Richard Stockton, from his near-by home, had haunted it; and Elias Boudinot, too. All these "high sons of liberty" had kindled revolutionary fires on its hearthstone. And then for a season it had been barracks and cavalry stables, too, until freed again for academic use by the last struggle in the battle of Princeton, which was fought in its halls. Congress, fleeing from Philadelphia before the foolish mutineers marching from Lancaster, had now found a hospitable welcome in the college chapel under its roof. They had brought Washington thither to deliberate on what is certainly the most solemn question which confronts a nation at the close of a war — namely, the dispersion of its armed force. They welcomed him in due form with the solemnity and dignity befitting such an occasion. The first duly accredited foreign minister, the Dutch envoy, was there received, in recognition of independence not merely asserted, but won and acknowl-

edged. The General-in-chief was a tired wayfarer on the military road; he longed for the quiet waters and pleasant pastures of Mt. Vernon. The sober advice he gave in his "Farewell Orders" exhibits, above all other papers he ever wrote, the soundness and quality of his civic virtue. It is the compendium of a character which had exhibited a colossal grasp of the problems of peace as well as those of war, and which, in erecting a civil superstructure on the foundations laid in war, was yet to expand the principles of his orders into the broadest statesmanship.



NATHAN HALE

BY MARY S. NORTHPROP

In City Hall Park, New York City, stands the bronze statue of a young man, the story of whose brief life thrills all patriotic hearts.

The statue represents him pinioned, awaiting the gallows, as he uttered his last words.

Americans unite in admiration of his noble character, pride in his self-forgetful heroism, and grief over his untimely death. Every boy and girl in America should know by heart the life of Captain Nathan Hale. It is a story which every son and daughter of the great Republic should enshrine in their memories.

In the darkest hour of our country's struggle for liberty, this self-devoted hero — inspired with fervid patriotism and eager to render service to his country — laid down his young life, a sacrifice to the cause of American liberty.

The days and weeks that followed that memorable Fourth of July in 1776 were dark indeed for the struggling colonists.

Determined to crush with one effort the insurrection in her American colonies, Great Britain sent that summer a larger force than any which had before landed upon our shores.

You know the story of the disastrous battle upon Long Island — where the few thousand ill-clothed, undisciplined provincial troops faced a splendidly equipped army, many

regiments of which were veterans. The raw American troops, despite their courage and heroism, were no match for the trained and skilled soldiery of Great Britain; and even General Washington, undemonstrative and reserved as he was, is said to have wrung his hands in anguish upon seeing his troops defeated and driven back, he being powerless to aid them.

During the night of August 29, 1776, Washington escaped with the remainder of his little army across the East River.

The troops were so greatly depressed by their defeat, and were in so alarming a state of gloom and despondency, that men deserted by the score.

Washington sorely needed information of the strength and probable movements of the powerful enemy. He



Birthplace of Nathan Hale, Coventry, Conn.

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deemed it necessary that some skilled soldier should go, as a spy, within the British lines, and procure for him the knowledge so much desired, that he might be "warned in ample time."

He wrote to General Heath that "everything depended upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions," and he entreated him and General Clinton to "leave no stone unturned" to secure information.

The commander-in-chief's desire became generally known among his officers, but so perilous was the service that for a time no one offered to undertake it.

Captain Nathan Hale, a brilliant young officer belonging to "Knowlton's Rangers," calmly decided it was his duty to undertake the enterprise upon which the fate of the dejected little army seemed to depend. His friends sought him in vain to dissuade him from his purpose. "I desire to be useful," was his reply; his only thought seemed to be to serve his country.

His fellow-officer and college friend, Captain William Hull, entreated him as a soldier not to run the risk of his military career by risking the ignominious death of a spy. Hale's reply to his friend's argument was that "every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

The young officer presented himself to General Washington as a volunteer for the dangerous service, was accepted, received his instructions, and disappeared from camp.

He passed up the Connecticut shore, disguised himself as a schoolmaster, and landed upon Long Island. He visited all the British camps upon Long Island and in New York, and made drawings of the fortifications, writing his obser-

ventions in Latin, and hiding them between the soles of his shoes.

He had been about two weeks within the British lines, had accomplished his purpose, and was waiting upon the shore at Huntington, Long Island, for a boat that was to convey him to Connecticut, when he was captured — having been recognized a few hours previous by a Tory refugee. He was taken aboard a British man-of-war, and carried to Sir William Howe's headquarters in New York City. Here he was condemned to be executed at sunrise on the following morning.

In what prison or guard-house the noble-souled young patriot spent that last sad night of his life is not known; but of the brutality with which he was treated by the provost marshal, into whose hands he was given over, there is abundant proof. His request for the attendance of a clergyman was refused. Even a Bible was denied him.

During the preparations for the execution, an English officer obtained permission to offer the prisoner the seclusion of his tent, where writing materials were furnished.

But the farewell letters he wrote to his mother, to his sweetheart, and to a comrade in the army, were torn to shreds before his eyes by the cruel provost marshal.

It was early dawn on Sunday morning, September 22, 1776, that our young hero was hurried away from the tent of the English officer to the gallows. The spot selected was the orchard of Colonel Henry Rutgers, on East Broadway, not far above what is now Franklin Square.

A crowd had gathered, many of whom afterward bore witness to the noble bearing of the young hero, and to the barbarity with which he was treated by the provost

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marshal. This officer said: "The rebels shall never know they have a man who can die with such firmness."

As Hale was about to ascend the fatal scaffold, he stood for a moment looking upon the detachment of British soldiers, and the words that came from his loyal young heart in that supreme moment will never die: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."



The capture of Nathan Hale.

It is not known in what spot his body was laid, but the bones of the young patriot crumbled to dust in the heart of the great metropolis of the republic he helped to found.

So long as love of country is cherished, and devotion to the cause of liberty is remembered, so long will the name of Nathan Hale shine with pure and undimmed luster.

The birthplace of our hero is in the town of Coventry,

twenty miles east of Hartford in the State of Connecticut. Upon high ground, commanding a fine prospect, stands the large, old-fashioned farm-house where he was born. He was the sixth of twelve children: nine sons and three daughters. So delicate was he as an infant, it was feared he would not live; but when he became a lad, exercise in outdoor sports, of which he was very fond, gave strength and vigor to his body.

As a boy he was famous for his athletic feats. It is said he excelled all his fellows in running, leaping, wrestling, playing ball, and shooting at a mark. When a student at Yale College he made a prodigious leap which was marked upon the Green in New Haven, and often pointed out long afterward. Colonel Green of New London, who knew him later when he was a schoolmaster in that town, speaking of Hale's agility, says: "He would put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it at a single bound; he would jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second, and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out like a cat."

He "loved the gun and fishing-rod, and exhibited great ingenuity in fashioning juvenile implements of every sort." He used jokingly to boast to his sisters over their spinning-wheels, that he "could do anything but spin!" His bright mind was quick to apply what he learned.

In those days high schools were unknown, and classical academies were confined to the large towns; so boys of the smaller towns who sought for a liberal education were prepared for college by the ministers, many of whom were accomplished scholars.

Doctor Joseph Huntington, the minister of the parish in

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which young Hale was born, "was considered in the churches a pattern of learning," and from him Nathan Hale and two brothers received their preparation for college — being intended by their father for the ministry. Enoch at sixteen years of age, and Nathan at fourteen, entered Yale College together, and were graduated in 1773.

Doctor Eneas Munson of New Haven, says of Nathan Hale at this time: "He was almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and in figure and deportment he was the most manly man I have ever met. His chest was broad; his muscles firm; his face wore a most benign expression; his complexion was roseate; his eyes were light blue, and beamed with intelligence; his hair was soft and light brown in color; and his speech was rather low, sweet, and musical. His personal beauty and grace of manner were most charming. . . ."

At his graduation, he took part in a Latin dispute followed by a debate upon the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of the sons."

A classmate wrote of this debate: "Hale was triumphant. He was the champion of the daughters, and most nobly advocated their cause."

The year after his graduation from college, he taught school in the town of East Haddam.

When the news of the fight at Lexington rang through the colonies, Nathan Hale was master of the Union Grammar School in New London. A town meeting was at once called, at which the young schoolmaster made a stirring speech. "Let us march immediately," said he, "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

The young teacher gathered his school-boys together, and, after giving them wise counsel, bade them an affectionate good-by, and hurried away with the other recruits to Boston.

He was soon made lieutenant in a company belonging



The execution of the young patriot.

to a regiment commanded by Colonel Webb, and the next year he was put in command of a company of a famous corps — Knowlton's Rangers, known as "Congress's Own."

One of the last letters written by Captain Hale before starting upon his perilous mission was to his brother Enoch. These brothers were very deeply attached to each other, and the grief of the young minister Enoch for his brother's tragic fate was most profound. It will bring the young

hero nearer to children of to-day, that Enoch's son, Nathan, was the father of the distinguished author of our time, Edward Everett Hale, and of Lucretia P. Hale, especially well known to many young people as the author of the "Peterkin Papers."

When Captain Hale departed on his fatal errand, he left his uniform and camp accoutrements in the care of Asher Wright, a townsman who acted in the capacity of a servant to the young officer. Some years after his discharge from the service, Asher Wright returned to his old home in Coventry, bearing the precious relics: the camp basket, the camp book, and the tenderly-cared-for uniform of the young officer. He lived to extreme old age, but to his latest day he could not speak without tears of his young master. His grave is in the burial-ground at South Coventry, within a few feet of those of the Hale family, and near the granite monument erected in 1846 to the memory of the "Martyr Spy" of the American Revolution.

President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, grandfather of the present President of the University, was Nathan Hale's college tutor. He commemorated Hale's career in a poem, highly praising the character and qualities of his former student.

Four years after the execution of Captain Hale, Major André was captured within the American lines; it was Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a college classmate and dear friend of Nathan Hale's, who conducted André to Washington's headquarters; and on the way thither André talked of Hale and his fate.

La Fayette, in his memoirs, speaking of these two young officers, says:

“Captain Hale of Connecticut, a distinguished young man, beloved by his family and friends, had been taken on Long Island under circumstances of the same kind as those that occasioned the death of Major André; but instead of being treated with the like respect, to which Major André himself bore testimony, Captain Hale was insulted to the last moment of his life. ‘This is a fine death for a soldier!’ said one of the English officers who were surrounding the cart of execution. ‘Sir,’ replied Hale, lifting up his cap, ‘there is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a glorious cause!’”

A fine bronze monument to the memory of Nathan Hale is in the vestibule of the State Capitol, Hartford, Connecticut. It was erected in 1887, a large sum of money being voted toward its cost by the State of Connecticut. It bears the inscription:

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE .

1776

BORN AT COVENTRY

June 6, 1755

BURIED AT NEW YORK.

Sept. 22, 1776

“ I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE
TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY.”

But it is most fitting that the latest monument to his memory should stand in the city of New York near the spot where he suffered death for his country.

LA FAYETTE

BY MRS. EUGENIA M. HODGE

One hundred and twenty-eight years ago, in the month of February, 1777, a young French guardsman ran away to sea.

And a most singular running away it was. He did not wish to be a sailor, but he was so anxious to go that he bought a ship to run away in,— for he was a very wealthy young man; and though he was only nineteen, he held a commission as major-general in the armies of a land three thousand miles away — a land he had never seen and the language of which he could not speak. The King of France commanded him to remain at home; his friends and relatives tried to restrain him; and even the representatives, or agents, of the country in defense of which he desired to fight would not encourage his purpose. And when the young man, while dining at the house of the British Ambassador to France, openly avowed his sympathy with a downtrodden people, and his determination to help them gain their freedom, the Ambassador acted quickly. At his request, the rash young enthusiast was arrested by the French Government, and orders were given to seize his ship, which was awaiting him at Bordeaux. But ship and owner both slipped away, and sailing from the port of Pasajes in Spain, the runaway, with eleven chosen companions, was soon on the sea, bound for America, and beyond the reach of both friends and foes.

On April 25, 1777, he landed at the little port of Georgetown, at the mouth of the Great Pee Dee River in South Carolina; and from that day forward the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, has held a place in the history of America, and in the interest and affection of the American people.

When he first arrived in the land for which he desired to fight, however, he found but a cool reception. The Congress of the United States was poor, and so many good and brave American officers who had proved their worth were desirous of commissions as major-generals, that the commission promised to this young Frenchman could not easily be put in force so far as an actual command and a salary were concerned.

But the young general had come across the sea for a purpose, and money and position were not parts of that purpose. He expressed his desire to serve in the American army upon two very singular conditions, namely; that he should receive no pay, and that he should act as a volunteer. The Congress was so impressed with the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of the young Frenchman that, on July 31, 1777, it passed a resolution directing that "his services be



Statue of La Fayette, by A. Bartholdi, Union Square, New York City.

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accepted and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have the rank and commission of a Major-General of the United States."

George Washington was greatly attracted by the energy and earnestness of the young nobleman. He took him into what was called his "military family," assigned him to special and honorable duty; and when the young volunteer was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, the Commander-in-Chief praised his "bravery and military ardor" so highly that the Congress gave La Fayette the command of a division. Thus, before he was twenty, he was actually a general, and already, as one historian says, he had "justified the boyish rashness which his friends deplored and his sovereign resented, and had acquired a place in history."

Notwithstanding General Washington's assertion to Congress that La Fayette had made "great proficiency in our language," the young marquis's pronunciation of English was far from perfect. French, Spanish, and Italian were all familiar to him, but his English was not readily understood by the men he was called upon to command. It was therefore necessary to find as his aide-de-camp one who could quickly interpret the orders of his commanding officer.

Such an aid was at last found in the person of a certain young Connecticut adjutant on the regimental staff of dashing Brigadier-General Wayne,— "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the hero of Stony Point.

This young adjutant was of almost the same age as La Fayette; he had received, what was rare enough in those days, an excellent college education, and he was said to be the only man in the American army who could speak French and English equally well.

These young men, General La Fayette and his aid, grew very fond of each other during an intimate acquaintance of nearly seven years. The French marquis, with that overflow of spirits and outward demonstration so noticeable in most Frenchmen, freely showed his affection for the more reserved American — often throwing his arms around his neck, kissing him upon the cheek and calling him “My brave, my good, my virtuous, my adopted brother!”

After the battle of Monmouth, which occurred on June 28, 1778, and in which La Fayette’s command was engaged against the British forces, who were routed, the marquis was enthusiastic in praise of the gallant conduct of his friend and aid. Not content with this, he sent to him some years after, when the aid-de-camp, then a colonel in rank, was elected to political honors, the following acrostic, as a souvenir, expressive of the esteem and remembrance of his former commander. The initial letters of each line of the poem will spell out for you the name of this soldier friend of La Fayette. And here is an exact copy of the acrostic and of the postscript that accompanied it:

Sage of the East! where wisdom rears her head,
Augustus, taught in virtue’s path to tread,
’Mid thousands of his race, elected stands
Unanimous to legislative bands;
Endowed with every art to frame just laws,
Learns to hate vice, to virtue gives applause.

Augustus, oh, thy name that’s ever dear
Unrivalled stands to crown each passing year!
Great are the virtues that exalt thy mind.
Unenvied merit marks thy worth refined.
Sincerely rigid for your country’s right,
To save her Liberty you deigned to fight;

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Undaunted courage graced your manly brow,
Secured such honors as the gods endow.—

Bright is the page; the record of thy days
Attracts my muse thus to rehearse thy praise.
Rejoice then, patriots, statesmen, all rejoice!
Kindle his praises with one general voice!
Emblazon out his deeds, his virtues prize,
Reiterate his praises to the skies!

M. D. LA FAYETTE.

P.S.—The Colonel will readily apologize for the inaccuracies of an unskillful muse, and be convinced the high estimation of his amiable character could alone actuate the author of the foregoing.

M. D. LA FAYETTE.

So the name of the young general's friend and aide-de-camp was Samuel Augustus Barker.

Years passed. The Revolution was over. America was free. The French Revolution, with all its horrors and successes, had made France a republic. Napoleon had risen, conquered, ruled, fallen, and died, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century was nearly completed, when, in August, 1824, an old French gentleman who had been an active participant in several of these historic scenes arrived in New York. It was General the Marquis de La Fayette, now a veteran of nearly seventy, returning to America as the honored guest of the growing and prosperous republic he had helped to found.

His journey through the land was like a triumph. Flowers and decorations brightened his path, cheering people and booming cannon welcomed his approach. And in one of those welcomings, in a little village in central New York, a cannon, which was heavily loaded for a salute in

honor of the nation's guest, exploded, and killed a plucky young fellow who had volunteered to "touch off" the overcharged gun when no one else dared. Some months after, the old marquis chanced to hear of the tragedy, and at once his sympathies were aroused for the widowed mother of the young man.

He at once wrote to the son of the man who had been his comrade in arms in the Revolutionary days half a century before, asking full information concerning the fatal accident, and the needs of the mother of the poor young man who was killed; and having thus learned all the facts, sent the sum of one thousand dollars to relieve the mother's necessities and to pay off the mortgage on her little home.

I have before me, as I write, the original letter written by the General to the son of his old friend, the paper marked and yellow with the creases of many years; and as I read it again, I feel that of all the incidents of the singularly eventful life of La Fayette there are none that show his noble nature more fully than those I have noted here: his enthusiastic services in behalf of an oppressed people, his close and devoted affection for his friend and comrade, and the impulsive generosity of a heart that was at once manly, tender, and true.

And as I write, I am grateful that I can claim a certain association with that honored name of La Fayette; for the young adjutant to whom the acrostic was addressed and the friend through whom the gift to the widow was communicated were respectively my grandfather and my father.

It is at least pleasant to know that one's ancestors were the intimate friends of so noble a man, of whom one biographer has recently said: "He was brave even to rashness, his life was one of constant peril, and yet he never

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shrank from any danger or responsibility if he saw the way open to spare life or suffering, to protect the defenseless, to sustain law and preserve order.”

At the southern extremity of Union Square, in the city of New York, there is a bronze statue of La Fayette. It represents him in graceful pose and with earnest face and gesture, “making offer of his sword to the country he admired—the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-sur-



The statue of La Fayette given to the French people by American school-children, courtyard of the Louvre, Paris, France.

render, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast, as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword.” La Fayette’s words, “As soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted,” are inscribed upon the pedestal of the statue; and a short distance from it, in the plaza adjoining the square, is an equestrian statue of Washington. It is

fitting that the bronze image of those two great men should thus be placed together, as the names of Washington and La Fayette are coupled in the affections of the people.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Being an account of our first envoy to the Court
of France, 1776-1785

By H. A. OGDEN

When Dr. Benjamin Franklin stood before the monarch of France in 1778, it must have seemed to him the exact fulfilment of a prophecy; for it is said that, when a poor little boy, his father used to repeat to him Solomon's proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Of course, like most remarkable events that happen in this world, it seemed to come about very naturally. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, that first great step toward making us a free people, Congress decided to send a special envoy to the French court, in order to enlist their aid in our struggle for freedom.

Their choice fell on their ablest and most patriotic member — upon him who had been one of the originators of the Declaration, and who, on signing his name, made the witty remark: "Now, gentlemen, we must hang together, if we would not hang separately."

On October 26, 1776, with his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin, a youth of seventeen, and little Benjamin Franklin Bache, his daughter's boy, of seven, the old Doctor set sail in the sloop-of-war *Reprisal*, one of the swiftest craft of our infant navy.

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He was then over seventy years of age, and his fame as a printer, editor, inventor, philosopher, and statesman (for the old gentleman was a many-sided genius) was well established. The learned societies of the civilized globe were proud to enroll his name among their members; the French people, from the nobles down to the servants, all were familiar with his quaint and witty sayings, as translated from "Poor Richard's Almanac," as well as with his love of liberty and his broad sympathy with his fellow-men. Silas Deane, the agent of the American Congress, then living in Paris, afterward said, "Here is the hero, philosopher, and patriot who, at the age of seventy-four, risks all dangers for his country."

To show that the enemy fully realized his power as an advocate for the cause of independence, the Marquis of Rockingham, one of King George the Third's advisers, remarked that he considered "the presence of Dr. Franklin at the French court more than a balance for the few additional acres which the English had gained by the conquest of Manhattan Island." This was said not long after the battle of Brooklyn, whereby General Howe had secured possession of New York.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris, the Doctor was invited to make his home at Passy, then one of the little towns outside of the city, although now it is inside of the fortifications. Here, on a hill overlooking the river Seine as it flows past villages, châteaux, and palaces, stood the Mansion Valentino, the owner of which insisted on Franklin's sharing his apartments with him without cost, saying, "If your country is successful in the war, and your Congress will grant me a small piece of land, perhaps I may take that as payment." Wherever the Doctor went, crowds

followed him; he was cheered in the streets or at the opera; his sayings were quoted; and engravings, miniatures, medals, snuff-box lids, and souvenirs were made to bear his kindly features. He wrote home to little Benjamin's mother that they had "made her father's face" — by which, of course, he meant his own — "as well known as that of the moon."

He always dressed plainly; and his hair, which was gray and quite thin, was not concealed by a wig, though he often wore a fur cap, pulled down nearly to his spectacle-rims.

Ignorant people whispered that he was a wizard, engaged in separating the colonies from England by means of his magic spells. All showed their admiration of his attainments; but amid all of the compliments paid him and the extravagant attentions he received, he remained the simple-minded, plain republican, ever keeping in mind his country's trials and her need.

The court of France, while friendly and willing to aid us as it could, was not as yet ready to acknowledge our independence, and by so doing to provoke a conflict with Great Britain. The war, thus far, had gone against us; news of the one bright ray in the gloom — Washington's victory at Trenton — had taken five months to reach France, so difficult was it to escape from the British cruisers watching our coasts.

Some muskets and a private loan of \$400,000 were secured, and single volunteers were plenty. To fight for America became with the young French nobles what nowadays we should call a "fad." Franklin was besieged by requests to be officers in our army, or for letters of recommendation to Congress, and he was at his wits' end to re-

fuse with kindness, so that he should not make promises of rank that he could not fulfil.

During this winter of darkness for freedom's cause, Franklin must play his part in the gay world of Paris.



Franklin and his young relatives in the streets of Paris.

To make friends for our country was his constant aim; her enemies he defied, and everywhere he expressed his certainty of the final triumph of America in the struggle.

We have all heard of the phrase, "These are the times that try men's souls." These words were used at just this time by Thomas Paine, who wrote a series of articles on the

American war. For, while it was dark indeed on our side of the ocean, it seemed also as if no nation abroad would help us. Franklin sent his associates, Lee and Deane, to the courts of Spain and Prussia for aid, but neither was disposed to take the first step.

Diplomacy among nations is often a tedious and selfish proceeding. Meanwhile the Doctor did what he could toward arming ships and making easier the lot of prisoners of war abroad. As to the ships, he was somewhat successful, and was gratified by his success; for he was eager to give England some of the treatment the colonies had received from her men-of-war.

All of these matters kept the envoy very busy — so much so, that his grandson Temple was obliged to act as his secretary, and the idea of his going to a university was given up. At last came the sunshine through the clouds, for the wise Providence that guides the affairs of nations as well as of men brought about the surrender of Burgoyne and his army in October, 1777, after the battle of Saratoga.

The news was despatched with all haste to our representatives abroad. Massachusetts sent the glad tidings by special messenger, a young Mr. Austin. Before his departure, a prayer was offered from the pulpit of a church in Boston — the minister, it is said, being so absorbed in praying especially that the despatches might be delivered that he made no mention of the messenger!

In a little over a month, however, both messenger and packet arrived in Paris, and the scene when he drove into the courtyard of the Hôtel Valentinois was a memorable one.

Our representatives had received word of his landing, but knew nothing of the nature of his news. As the chaise

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dashed up to the group around the door, and the messenger alighted, Dr. Franklin grasped his hand, exclaiming :

“ Sir, is Philadelphia taken? ”

“ Yes, sir,” was Austin’s reply.

Then the old statesman wrung his hands in disappointment and had begun to return in sadness to the house when the messenger cried :

“ But, sir, I have greater news than *that!* General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war! ”

Temple carried the news to the French prime minister, the Comte de Vergennes, and a few days later a private interview took place at Versailles.

About a year from the landing of Franklin on the coast of France, his errand to that nation was accomplished. She became the ally of the American colonies, and thus was the first to welcome the United States into the circle of nations.

A main condition of the treaty was that we should not make peace with Great Britain unless our independence was recognized—a condition to which our representatives gladly agreed.

Our new ally’s first act was to send a frigate carrying M. Gérard, a special envoy to Congress, with tidings of the treaty. He was received with great honor, and joy filled all patriot hearts. On February 6, 1778, the treaty was officially signed by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States. The signing was followed by the important ceremony of being received by the King in person. As no one in those days ever thought of being presented to a monarch of France with his head uncovered by a wig, Dr. Franklin ordered one for the occasion. The hair-dresser, or *perruquier*, as he was called, brought the all-important article, and proceeded to try it on;

but try as he would, he could n't force it down over Franklin's head. After several trials, the Doctor said:

"Perhaps it is too small!" Dashing the wig to the floor in a rage, the *perruquier* cried, "It is impossible, monsieur! No, monsieur! it is *not* that the wig is too small; it is that your head is too large!"

As there was no time to remedy the misfit, the Doctor decided to go before the King without a wig. Therefore it was without a wig, or even a sword,—considered an indispensable article of a gentleman's dress in those days,—but in a plain black velvet suit, with ruffles at the neck and wrists, white silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, that our great republican drove to the palace of Versailles. On the morning of the 20th of March, 1778, accompanied by his fellow-envoys Dr. Franklin was ushered into the presence of his majesty King Louis XVI of France. After the formal introduction, the monarch expressed himself as well disposed toward his new ally, and gracefully complimented the tact that Franklin had displayed during his sojourn in the capital and among the French people.

In the evening, during the games that the court were engaged in, the Queen, Marie Antoinette, conversed with Franklin in her own charming and gracious manner. His wit, fascinating conversation, and sound common sense attracted the admiration of the gay and frivolous court, and he was lionized by all.

At a brilliant fête given in his honor, he was crowned with laurel by one of three hundred young ladies. The old statesman accepted all these attentions modestly, considering them as offered, through him, to his native land.

During the rest of his visit to France, Franklin's life was filled with solicitude for his native land; but now, by the

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authority of the French king, armies and fleets were sent, by the help of which we were finally able to capture Cornwallis and secure our independence.

At length, weary and ill, Franklin asked for his recall; he had signed the treaty of peace with England, thus crowning his mission with success. So in March, 1785, after nearly nine years' residence abroad, Congress was pleased to declare that "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, was permitted to return to America."

PAUL JONES

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

“Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterward Knight of His Most Christian Majesty’s Order of Merit — but a braver traitor never wore sword.”

Such were almost the last words traced by the hand of Thackeray, and they show the astonishing misconception of Paul Jones which prevailed in the mind of one of the justest men that ever lived. Washington was a hero even to his enemies; yet Washington had actually held a commission in the British army, while Paul Jones could say proudly to the American Congress at the close of the war: “I have never borne arms under any but the American flag, nor have I ever borne or acted under any commission but that of the Congress of America.” This singular distinction against Paul Jones extended to the whole of the feeble naval force of the colonies. Soldiers were treated from the beginning as prisoners of war, while until Paul Jones forced an exchange of prisoners upon equal terms, American sailors were formally declared to be “traitors, pirates and felons.”

Let this “traitor, pirate and felon” enumerate his services in his own words:

In 1775 J. Paul Jones armed and embarked in the first American ship of war. In the Revolution he had twenty-three battles and solemn rencountres by sea; made seven descents in Britain and her Colonies; took of her navy two ships of equal and two of far superior force, many store ships and others; constrained her

to fortify her ports; suffer the Irish volunteers; desist from her cruel burnings in America, and exchange as prisoners of war, the American citizens taken on the ocean, and cast into prisons in England as traitors, pirates and felons!

In his perilous situation in Holland his conduct drew the Dutch into the war, and eventually abridged the Revolution. Congress bestowed on him the following honors: The thanks of the United States, April 14, 1781; election as first officer of the navy, June 26, 1781; a gold medal October 16, 1787. This last favor was granted to only six officers: 1st, General Washington, the commander-in-chief, for the taking of Boston. 2nd, General Gates, for taking the army of Burgoyne. 3rd, General Wayne, for taking Rocky Point, of which the garrison was much stronger than the assailants. 4th, General Morgan, for having cut down and destroyed eleven hundred officers and soldiers of the best troops of England, with nine hundred men, solely militia. 5th, General Green, for having gained a decisive victory over the enemy at Eutaw Springs.

But all these medals, although well merited, were given in moments of enthusiasm. He had the satisfaction solely to receive the same honor, by the *unanimous* voice of the United States assembled in Congress, the 16th of October, 1787, in memory of services which he had rendered eight years before.

Besides Thackeray in England, Cooper in America and Halévy and Dumas in France have taken Paul Jones as a hero of splendid romance. He was a true as well as a romantic hero, however. If Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, La Fayette, Adams, and Morris are to be believed, he was a man of lofty character and true patriotism.

The two war-ships taken by Paul Jones were scarcely felt by mighty England, with her six hundred fighting ships. But the wound to the honor of the greatest and proudest of nations was deeply felt, and was earnestly sought to be avenged. In a feeble ship he twice cruised up and down the narrow seas of the greatest naval power on earth, rais-

ing her coasts as had not been done since the days of the Spanish Armada, threatening her northern capital, landing whenever and wherever he liked, burning her shipping, and capturing the only two war-ships that came within hail of him — ships manned by the hardy sailors of the Mistress of the Seas. Until then England had made good her proud boast :

And not a sail but by permission spreads.

After Paul Jones hoisted his flag this boast was no longer good.

In his twenty-seventh year a great and fortunate change occurred to him. His brother William, who had emigrated to Virginia and died there, left him an estate. There is no doubt that Paul Jones was often afterward in want of



The *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*.

ready money; but it must be remembered that everybody was in want of ready money in the eighteenth century.



Certain it is, from his papers preserved at Washington, that he might be considered at the beginning of the war a man of independent fortune.

On December 22, 1775, was made the beginning of the American navy; and from this point the true history of Paul Jones begins. He was then twenty-eight years old, of the middle height, his figure slight, but graceful, and of "a dashing and officer-like appearance." His complexion was dark and weather-beaten; his black eyes very expressive, but melancholy.

His first duty was as first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, Commodore Hopkins's flag-ship. On this vessel he hoisted for the first time the original flag of the Revolution — the rattlesnake flag. In a letter to Robert Morris in 1783, Paul Jones says:

It was my fortune, as the Senior of the First Lieutenants, to hoist, myself, the Flag of America (I Choose to do it with my own Hands) the first time it was displayed. Though this was but a light circumstance, yet, I feel for it's Honor more than I think I should have felt had it not so happened.

There was great confusion in the tables of rank first adopted in the navy, and thence proceeded a grievance that Paul Jones never ceased to protest against bitterly, until in 1781, many years afterward, he became, by the unanimous

election of Congress, the ranking officer of the American navy.

As Paul Jones had been the first to raise the original flag of the Revolution, so he was the first to raise the Stars and Stripes over a ship of war—the *Ranger*. This occurred at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the autumn of 1777.

On November 14 he sailed for France, being recommended to the American commissioners at Paris by the Marine Committee as “an active and brave commander in our service.”

From the beginning of his acquaintance with Franklin a mutual respect and a deep affection sprung up between them. The wise Franklin saw at a glance what manner of man Paul Jones was, and in one noble sentence described him better than many volumes could: “For Captain Paul Jones ever loved close fighting.”

Paul Jones foresaw the use of torpedoes, and experimented boldly with very primitive ones. He understood as fully as a great contemporary writer the “influence of sea power upon history,” and wrote, a century and a quarter ago: “In time of Peace, it is necessary to prepare, *and to be always prepared* for War by Sea.” He advocated the establishment of a naval academy, and a supplementary course for officers closely resembling the Naval War College, and advocated the constant study and practice of fleet evolutions. This was in the days when Britannia ruled the waves with a vengeance, but without “tactic.” In his admiration for this fascinating part of his profession, Paul Jones certainly underrated the British; but when he came to fight them, he showed them, in his preparations, every mark of respect.

There exists, in his own handwriting, a complete list of every ship of every kind in the British navy, when built, where built, and by whom built, with the names, rates, dimensions, men, guns, and draft of water; also the number of boats of every kind attached to them. It is supposed he had secret correspondence with some person high in the British admiralty to have secured this.

Paul Jones spent some weary months at Brest in a vain effort to get a better ship than the *Ranger*. He improved her very much, for his practical knowledge of ships was great; but still, as he wrote Franklin, "the *Ranger* is crank, sails slow and is of trifling force." Nothing better was to be had for him, and many years after he wrote: "Will posterity believe that the *Sloop* of war *Ranger* was the *best* I was ever enabled by my country to bring into active service?"

Having determined to traverse the British seas in his little vessel, while d'Orvilliers, with his huge fleet, stayed at home and evolved tactics, Paul Jones was offered a captain's commission in the French navy, the alliance between France and the United States being then consummated. This he promptly declined; and on an April evening he picked up his anchor and steered straight for the Irish Sea. He had lost many of his crew by desertions, and the ship was worse manned and no better officered than when he left America.

Then began a long series of promises and disappointments about ships and prize-money. The last was of great consequence, as without it it was almost impossible to get a crew. The French court made much of Paul Jones, and the Duc de Chartres, the Prince of Nassau, and others with high-sounding names, were eager to enlist with him,

especially La Fayette, who became very intimate with him. But no ship was forthcoming. Franklin had the good will, but no money. Paul Jones wrote letters to everybody in power at Paris, even the king himself, begging for any sort of a ship. At last — it is said taking Franklin's advice in "Poor Richard's Almanac" : "If you would have your business done, go. If not, send" — he went to Paris, and the result was that he was put in command of the most extraordinary squadron ever seen, under the most extraordinary circumstances ever known. His flag-ship, which he named the *Bon Homme Richard* out of compliment to Franklin, was an old Indiaman so much decayed that it was impossible to make any alterations in her. She was mounted with forty guns, mostly old and defective, and had a motley crew of all the nations on the earth, many of them raw peasants, and about thirty Americans whom Paul Jones utilized as petty officers.

Many persons had difficulty in persuading themselves that the mysterious vessel which was seen cruising about was really the American ship. A member of Parliament who lived on the Scotch coast sent out to the *Bon Homme Richard* — supposing it to be a British cruiser, for British colors were usually worn — asking for some powder and shot to defend himself against an attack by Paul Jones. A barrel of powder was sent him, with a civil message regretting that the supposed British cruiser had no suitable shot! Another day a pilot was enticed on board, and persuaded to give the private signals. Meanwhile the time for the cruise to be up was fast approaching, and it may be well imagined that Paul Jones suffered anguish at the idea of returning to France without having exchanged a shot with the enemy. Such, however, was not to be his fate. At

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noon on September 23, 1779, he sighted the first ship of the Baltic fleet coming around Flamborough Head, and before midnight he had fought the most extraordinary and the most heroic single-ship fight recorded in history.

The fleet of forty ships was convoyed by the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, and the sloop of war *Countess of Scarborough*, Captain Piercy. The *Serapis* was a splendid frig-



Captain Paul Jones.

From an old print

ate, lately off the stocks, and carrying fifty guns — “the finest ship of her class I ever saw,” Paul Jones wrote to Franklin. She carried a crew of four hundred, chiefly picked seamen. Paul Jones had actually on board about three hundred and forty men, and only one sea lieutenant — Dale. His crew had been decreased by sending prize crews away; while one of his lieutenants, with sixteen men, had

been captured, and another during the battle was absent from the ship on a boat expedition. The weight of the *Serapis's* broadside was 576; of the *Bon Homme Richard's*, 390. But the *Bon Homme Richard* fired only two broadsides when two of the old guns constituting her main-deck battery burst, and the rest cracked and became useless.

The *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard* both cleared for action about one o'clock. Each captain knew whom he was fighting. The *Serapis* manœuvred to get the *Bon Homme Richard* under the guns of Scarborough Castle,

but Paul Jones outmanœuvered him. Meanwhile the *Pallas* alone obeyed the order given the rest of the fleet, and eventually captured the *Countess of Scarborough* very handsomely. The *Vengeance* never came into action at all, and the *Alliance*, out of gunshot, reconnoitered cautiously. As the *Pallas* passed, Captain Landais shouted that if the frigate should prove to be the *Serapis*, all they had to do was to run away!

There seems to have been a good deal of indiscriminate hailing going on while the ships were approaching each other. The first hail from the *Serapis*, "What ship is that?" was answered, "Come a little nearer and we'll tell you." The *Serapis* people called derisively, "What are you laden with?" to which the Americans shouted, "Round, grape, and double-headed shot!"

With the best disposition to fight in the world, the two ships did not come to close quarters until seven in the evening. The *Bon Homme Richard* fired the first broadside, which was promptly returned. Of what followed Paul Jones himself, in his official report, tells the story better than anybody else.

The battle being thus begun Was Continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage and rake each other; and I must confess that the Enemy's ship being much more manageable than the *B. h. R.* gained thereby Several times an advantageous Situation in Spite of my best endeavors to prevent it, as I had to deal with an Enemy of greatly superior force I was under the necessity of Closing with him to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the *B. h. R.* athwart the Enemy's bow, but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both Sails, and helm and Some of our braces being shot away,

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it did not exactly succeed to my Wishes. The Enemy's bowsprit came over the *B. h. R's.* poop by the mizenmast and I made both ships fast together.

Here the Enemy attempted to board the *Bon Homme Richard*, but was deterred from it on finding Captain Jones with a pike in his hand at the gangway. They imagined he had, as they said, "*A Large Corps de Reserve*," which was a fortunate mistake, as no man took up a pike but himself.

Naval experts have agreed that there were no new principles evolved, and no extraordinary tactics shown, in this remarkable fight. But it stands alone among sea fights in that the ship which finally forced a surrender might have been considered a beaten ship from the beginning. There was not a moment, after the second broadside, that the *Bon Homme Richard* was not technically whipped. But her captain was unconquerable, and by an unexampled tenacity and courage forced the surrender of a good ship to the shattered, disarmed, and burning shell of the *Bon Homme Richard*.

Franklin wrote a very beautiful letter to Paul Jones, in which he said:

For some Days after the Arrival of your Express, nothing was talked of at Paris and Versailles, but your cool Conduct and persevering Bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe the Impression on my mind was not less strong than that of others, but I do not chuse to say in a Letter to yourself, all I think on such an occasion. . . . I am uneasy about your Prisoners, and wish they were safe in France. You will then have *Completed* the glorious work of giving *Liberty* to all the Americans who have so long Languished in British Prisons: for there are not so many there as you have now taken.

Soon after this he was unanimously elected the ranking officer of the American navy, and appointed to superintend the building and to have command of the Government's only seventy-four, the *America*, then on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Nearly two years were spent in this employment, at the end of which time the ship was presented to France, in lieu of one that had been lost in Boston harbor.

By 1791 his health was quite gone, and he speaks of himself as an old man, although he had barely turned five and forty. He suffered from a complication of diseases, and kept his bed much of the time. There is a very touching letter from him to one of his sisters, trying to heal a family quarrel. He inculcated charity and forbearance with no mean skill, and his allusions to his belief in a future life were frank and forcible.

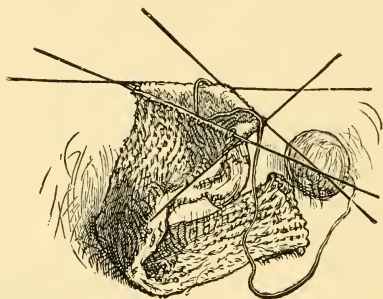
On July 18, in the afternoon, seeing he was fast failing, Gouverneur Morris induced him to draw up his will. It is a simple document in which he divides his property between his sisters, and names Robert Morris as his sole executor.

In the funeral discourse over him it was said: "The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality."

So long as ships sail the sea will the name of Paul Jones be respected. His country owes him a great debt; for he truly said, "I have ever



looked out for the Honor of the American Flag." And it may be said of him, as of the great Condé: "This man was born a captain."



THE STAMP-ACT BOX

BY DAVID WALKER WOODS, JR.

Looking over some deeds the other day, I noticed that on most of them were several stamps ranging in value from ten cents to ten dollars. Every boy who has a stamp-album knows that these are revenue-stamps which represent a tax imposed by the United States government in order to raise money to carry on the war for the Union. Very few people in the North objected to this tax, for they were supporting the Union soldiers and the government at Washington.

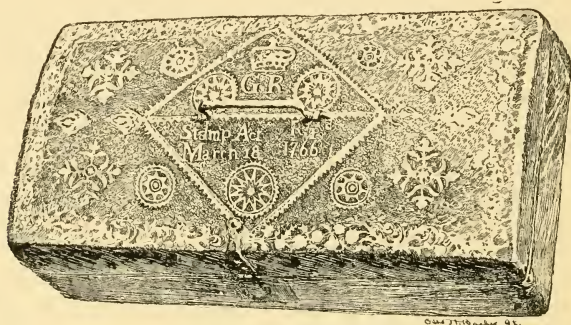
But these stamps remind us of two other wars with which stamps had much to do. During our war for the Union the stamps were sold to raise money to resist and put down rebellion. The other wars were wars against unjust taxation, and this taxation was represented by the stamps. In one case rebellion produced the stamps; in the other two cases the stamps produced rebellion.

One of these latter wars resulted in the independence of Cuba. Perhaps my readers already know that the Cubans complained of the taxes of the Spanish government. Every merchant in Cuba had to have the pages of his account-books marked with a government stamp fixed there by an inspector who examined the books every three months or oftener. Every shopkeeper had to pay a tax for each letter of the sign over his door. These things cost a great deal of money. If the money were used in Cuba, and for the benefit of the Cubans, perhaps they would not have re-

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sisted the tax. But most of it, the Cubans said, went to Spain; they also claimed that the little that remained in Cuba was used to pay Spanish officials and soldiers who oppressed the Cubans.

The war in Cuba was very much like the American Revolution, in which our forefathers rebelled against the British



The Stamp-Act box.

government. Most of us think of the Revolution as beginning with the victory of the "Minutemen" at Concord in 1775. It really began in 1765, and was marked by a victory in 1766. In 1765 the British government passed the Stamp Act, which obliged the Americans to put stamps on their deeds and other legal papers and to pay for stamps placed on British goods. The Americans resisted this by refusing to buy British goods. Lawyers refused to put the stamps on their papers, and ladies gave up wearing dresses of English cloth, and wore homespun gowns.

The men went further. In Boston they made an effigy of the stamp-collector, Oliver, to which they tied a boot, in ridicule of Lord Bute, the British minister. These were placed on a bier, and then burned in front of Oliver's house.

In New York the men broke into the governor's coach-house, took out his coach, on which they put a stuffed figure, and burned both coach and effigy in front of the governor's residence. Finally, things came to such a pass that the British government repealed the Stamp Act, and that was the colonists' first victory. The repeal papers were sent over in a little wooden box covered with leather.

Ten years later this box fell into the hands of a member of the Continental Congress who was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. After the war he gave it to his wife, who gave it to her daughter, and she probably used to keep her gloves and ribbons in it. It happens that this daughter was my grandmother, and that is how the box came into our family.

If you could see the box, you would find that the leather and the wood are full of little holes. They were made by insects, which might have destroyed the box. But it has been saturated with a strong chemical which we hope will save it for many years. In the picture you are looking down at the top of the box. The little brass handle by which it was carried lies upon the letters "G. R.," which stand for Georgius Rex, that is, King George. Above the letters is a crown, and below you can read the words, "Stamp Act R'p'd, March 18, 1766." The letters and the figures which ornament the box are in gilt.

This box is a trophy of a victory against unjust taxation. But all true men of that day thought of something more than money and taxes. They believed in uprightness and honor and truth. It is the duty of a government to do justice, and this was well understood by John Witherspoon, who gave an ancestor of mine the Stamp-Act Box. It is very well to have a strong navy and a strong army; but it

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is well also to remember the words of Witherspoon of the Continental Congress on the true nature of national strength:

“He who makes a people virtuous makes them invincible”
—that is, the true strength of a nation is uprightness.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR FLAG

BY PARMALEE McFADDEN



Did it ever occur to you that the bunch of colored ribbons you wear in your buttonhole — or pinned on your dress if you are a girl — at commencement, or at a baseball or foot-ball game, is really a flag? It tells to what class or school or college you belong, or which of these for the time, has your interest and sympathy. And for somewhat similar reasons do nations wear their colors. At first maybe it was to

tell one another apart; but after a while the colors — the flag — came to represent the nation itself; and the way the people acted toward the nation's flag was supposed to show the way they felt toward the nation.

When the American army was encamped at Cambridge, just outside of Boston, General Washington felt the need of a distinctive flag. There were thirteen colonies represented in that army, and each had its own flag, while some had more than one. Among this miscellaneous lot of flags was the one, of which you have often seen pictures, showing a rattlesnake, and bearing the motto: "Don't tread on me."

But what the country needed was *one* flag, with a design

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that meant something. So Congress sent a committee, headed by Benjamin Franklin, which consulted with General Washington, and recommended a flag to stand for all

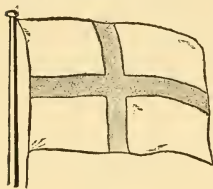


Fig. 1.

The early flag of England, St. George's Cross.

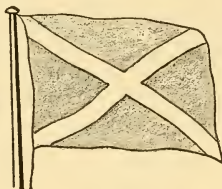


Fig. 2.

The early flag of Scotland, St. Andrew's Cross.

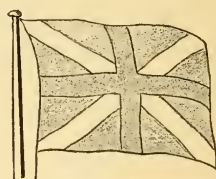


Fig. 3.

The king's colors, adopted 1606.

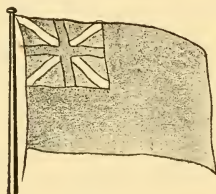


Fig. 4.

The flag of Great Britain and her colonies, adopted 1707.

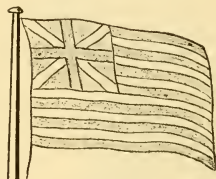


Fig. 5.

The flag of the United Colonies of America, first used January, 1776.

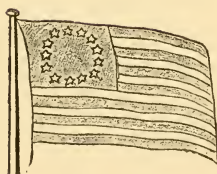


Fig. 6.

First flag of the United States of America (13 stars and 13 stripes), adopted 1777.

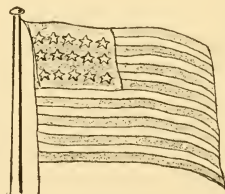


Fig. 7.

The flag adopted in 1795 (15 stars and 15 stripes).

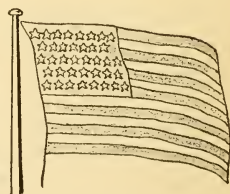


Fig. 8.

The flag when it had 45 stars and 13 stripes.

the colonies. After much discussion the one adopted was that shown in Fig. 5.

To understand how this flag grew from older flags, let us for a moment go back to the early flags of England.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the flag of England bore simply the red cross of St. George on a white ground (see Fig. 1); while the flag of Scotland was a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground (see Fig. 2). In 1603 England and Scotland were united, and three years later the two flags were combined to form what was called the "king's colors" (see Fig. 3), England and Scotland, however, retaining their own individual flags. Indeed, it was the red cross of St. George that the "Mayflower" flew at her masthead when she brought her precious load of Pilgrims to Plymouth that cold winter of 1620, for she was an English ship.

In 1707 Great Britain adopted for herself and her colonies the flag shown in Fig. 4, the main part being red, but having in its upper corner the "king's colors," or "union" flag, which represented the union of England and Scotland; and since that time this part of the flag has been called the "union," or "jack," and sometimes the "union jack." The term "jack" is supposed to have come from Jacques, the French spelling of James, which form the then King of England, James I, used in signing his name.

This (Fig. 4) was the flag of Great Britain down to the year 1801, when Ireland was added to form the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This further extension to the nation was represented in the union by the addition of the cross of St. Patrick, which was a diagonal cross, like that of St. Andrew, only it was red on a white field. The combination of these three crosses of England,

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Scotland, and Ireland has formed the union in the flag of Great Britain from the year 1801 down to the present day. But this last form of the union jack is not shown here, for it has nothing to do with our flag, and never was used by any of the American colonies.

From the flag shown in Fig. 4 we come to that shown in Fig. 5 — the one that begins to show a resemblance to our own familiar flag. This was the flag recommended by Dr. Franklin's Congressional Committee. It was called the flag of the "United Colonies of America," and had for its union the union jack, made up of only the St. George and St. Andrew's crosses of the British flag; but its main field consisted of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white. There is nothing definite known as to what suggested the idea of the stripes, unless, as has been claimed, the stripes that appeared on the coat of arms of the Washington family; although a flag with stripes was used by the troop of light horses that escorted Washington from Philadelphia to New York when he took command of the army; and stripes were also used on one of the flags of the East India Company.

This flag was first used by the American army encamped at Cambridge. The next stage in the evolution of our flag was in 1777, when by resolution of Congress it was ordered "that the flag of the thirteen United States" (not colonies now) "be thirteen stripes alternately red and white" (just as in the flag then in use), but "the union to be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation" (see Fig. 6). In this new form we find another suggestion of the Washington coat of arms, which contained, in addition to two wide red bars, three stars; at least, they were in the form of stars, though in heraldry they would

probably be called "mullets" or "rowels"—the sharp-pointed wheels used in riding-spurs.

At the time the stars and stripes were adopted Congress was sitting in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. There was living in the city a widow named Elizabeth Ross, who for several years, had made government and other flags. It was by this woman, in her home in Philadelphia, that the first flag authorized by Congress was made. It may be interesting to know that Mrs. Ross's home—the "Betsy Ross House," it is called—is still standing at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

About five years ago a number of citizens were given a charter under the name of the "American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association." The object of the association have been partially fulfilled by its purchasing the old Ross house and converting it into a museum.

It was in the back room of this house, then, that General Washington, Robert Morris, and a Colonel Ross discussed with Betsy Ross the details of the flag. It was here they decided that the thirteen stars should be placed in the form of a circle to show that it was for all times and had no end. When considering how many points the stars should have, it is reported that Betsy Ross suggested they be given five points, because the cloth could be folded in such a way that a complete star could be made by one cut of the scissors. It is interesting to note that our flags all have five-pointed stars, while those on our coins are six-pointed.

This (Fig. 6) was the flag that was used at the battle of the Brandywine and at Germantown. It was with our army when Burgoyne surrendered; with Washington at Valley Forge; at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; and at the evacuation of New York by the British in 1787.

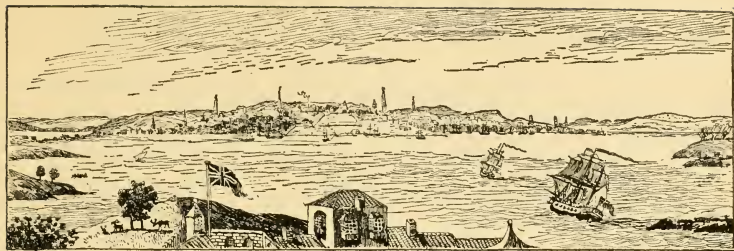
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After Vermont and Kentucky were admitted as States, Congress ordered that after May 1, 1795, the flag have *fifteen* stripes and *fifteen* stars (see Fig. 7). This was the flag that our army and navy carried in the War of 1812.

But, scarcely less interesting to patriotic Americans is the fact that this particular form of the flag was the one used at the attack on Fort McHenry, when Francis Scott Key waited with others for the return of morning to learn whether the fort had fallen; and when "by the dawn's early light" he saw through the mist "that our flag was still there," and was stirred into writing "The Star-Spangled Banner," which has since become our national anthem.

As will be seen from the illustration, this fifteen-stripe flag has not so graceful proportions as those of the preceding forms, and it soon became evident that if a new stripe were to be added for each State admitted into the Union, in the course of time the flag would become unwieldy. So in 1818, when there were twenty States, Congress passed a law to the effect that after the following July 4 the number of stripes in the flag should be reduced to the original thirteen, but that the union should have twenty stars; and that as each new State was admitted another star should be added, to take effect the Fourth of July next following its admission.

From that time down to this day the stripes have stood for the original thirteen States, and the stars for *all* the States.



Boston in 1757. From an old print.

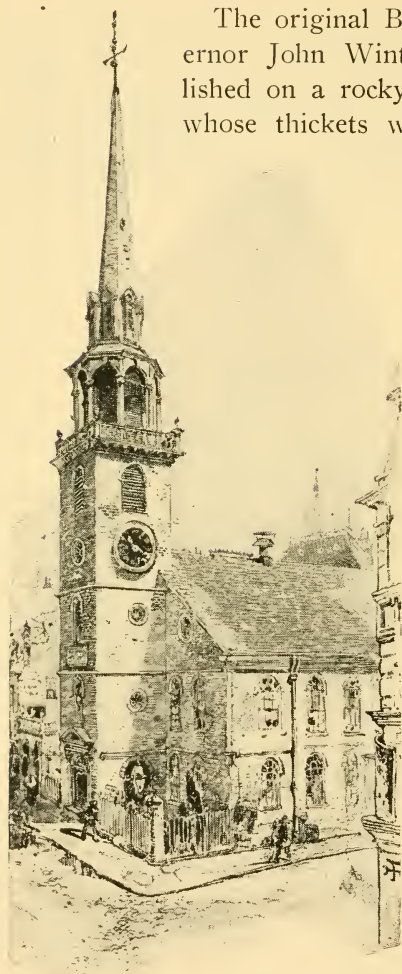
BOSTON

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON



Succory, or Chicory.

The summer traveler who approaches Boston from the land side is apt to notice a tall and abundant wayside plant, having a rather stiff and ungainly stem, surmounted by a flower with soft and delicate petals, and of a lovely shade of blue. This is the succory (*Cichorium Intybus* of the botanists), described by Emerson as "succory to match the sky." But it is not commonly known in New England by this brief name, being oftener called "Boston weed," simply because it grows more and more abundant as one comes nearer to that city. When a genuine Bostonian (which the present writer is not, being only a suburban), returning to his home in late summer, sees this fair blossom on an ungainly stem assembled profusely by the roadside, he begins to collect his bags and bundles, knowing that he approaches his journey's end.



Old South Church.

The original Boston, as founded by Governor John Winthrop in 1630, was established on a rocky, three-hilled peninsula, in whose thickets wolves and bears were yet harbored, and which was known variously as Shawmut and Trimountain. The settlement itself was a sort of afterthought, being taken as a substitute for Charlestown, where a temporary abode had been founded by Winthrop's party. There had been much illness there, and so Mr. Blackstone, or Blaxtone, who had for seven years been settled on the peninsula, urged the transfer of the little colony. The whole tongue of land then comprised but 783 acres—an area a little less than that originally allotted to the New York Central Park.

Of the original three hills, one only is now noticeable by the stranger. I myself can remember Boston in my college days, as a pear-shaped

peninsula, two miles by one, hung to the mainland by a neck a mile long and only a few yards wide, sometimes actually covered by the meeting of the tide-waters from both sides. The water almost touched Charles Street, where the Public Garden now is and it rolled over the flats where the costliest houses of the city at present stand.

Boston has certainly stood, from an early time, in the history of the country for a certain quality of combined thrift and ardor which has made it to some extent an individual city. Its very cows, during its rural period, shared this attribute, from the time when they laid out its streets by their devious wanderings, to the time when "Lady Hancock," as she was called, helped herself to milk from the cows of her fellow-citizens to meet a sudden descent of official visitors upon her husband the governor. From the period when Boston was a busy little colonial mart—the period best described in Hawthorne's "Province House Legends" and "My Kinsman Major Molineux"—through the period when, as described in Mrs. Quincy's reminiscences, the gentlemen went to King's Chapel in scarlet cloaks, down to the modern period of transcontinental railways and great manufacturing enterprises, the city has at least aroused a peculiar loyalty on the part of its citizens. Behind all the thunders of Wendell Phillips's eloquence there lay always the strong local pride. "I love inexpressibly," he said, "these streets of Boston, over which my mother held up my baby footsteps and if God grants me time enough, I will make them too pure to be trodden by the footsteps of a slave." He lived to see his dream fulfilled. Instead of the surrendered slave, Anthony Burns, marching in a hollow square formed by the files of the militia, Phillips lived to see the fair-haired

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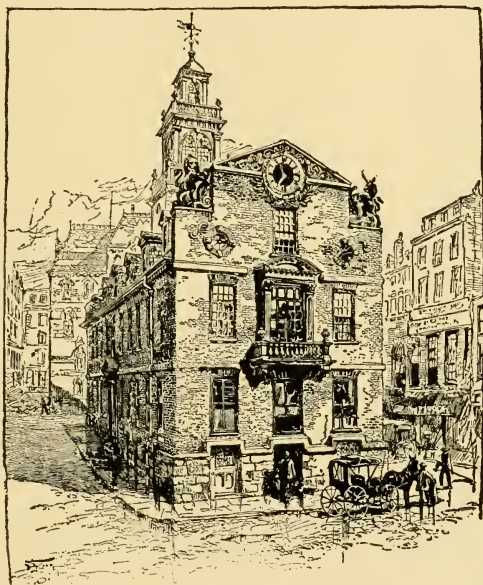
boy, Robert Shaw, riding at the head of his black regiment, to aid in securing the freedom of a race.

During the Revolution, Boston was the center of those early struggles. Faneuil Hall still stands—the place where, in 1774, a letter as to grievances was ordered to be sent to the other towns in the State; the old State House is standing, where the plans suggested by the Virginia House of Burgesses were adopted; the old South Church remains, whence the disguised Indians of the Boston Tea-party went forth, and where Dr. Warren, on March 5, 1775, defied the British officers, and when one of them held up warningly some pistol-bullets, dropped his handkerchief over them and went on. The old North or Christ Church also remains, where the two lights were hung out as the signal for Paul Revere's famous ride, on the eve of the battle of Lexington.

So prominent was Boston during this period that it even awakened the jealousy of the other colonies; and Mr. Thomas Shirley of Charleston, South Carolina, said to Josiah Quincy, Jr., in March, 1773: "Boston aims at nothing less than the sovereignty of this whole continent. . . . Take away the power and superintendence of Britain, and the colonies must submit to the next power. Boston would soon have that."

One of the attractions of Boston has long been that in this city, as in Edinburgh, might be found a circle of literary men, better organized and more concentrated than if lost in the confusion of a larger metropolis. From the point of view of New York, this circle might be held provincial, as might Edinburgh from London; and the resident of the larger community might at best use about the Bostonian the

saying attributed to Dr. Johnson about the Scotchman, that "much might be made of him if caught young." Indeed, much of New York's best literary material came always from New England; just as Scotland still holds its own in London literature. No doubt each place has its advantages,



The old State House.

but there was a time when one might easily meet in one Boston book-store in a day such men as Emerson, Parker, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Sumner, Agassiz, Parkman, Whipple, Hale, Aldrich, and Howell; with such women as Lydia Maria Child and Julia Ward Howe. Now, if we consider how much of American literature is repre-

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sented by these few names, it is evident that if Boston was never metropolitan, it at least had a combination of literary ability such as no larger American city has yet rivaled.

The very irregularity of the city adds to its attraction, since most of our newer cities are apt to look too regular and too monotonous. Foreign dialects have greatly increased within a few years; for although the German element has never been large, the Italian population is constantly increasing, and makes itself very apparent to the ear. Statues of eminent Bostonians — Winthrop, Franklin, Sam Adams, Webster, Garrison, Everett, Horace Mann, and others — are distributed about the city, and though not always beautiful as art, are suggestive of dignified memories. Institutions of importance are on all sides, and though these are not different in kind from those now numerous in all vigorous American cities, yet in Boston they often claim a longer date or more historic associations. The great Public Library still leads American institutions of its class; and the Art Museum had a similar leadership until the recent great expansion of the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the New England Conservatory of Music educate large numbers of pupils from all parts of the Union; while Boston University and Boston College hold an honored place among their respective constituencies. Harvard University, Tufts College, and Wellesley College are not far distant. The public-school system of Boston has in times past had great reputation, and still retains it; though it is claimed that the newer systems of the Western States are in some degree surpassing it.

It is now nearly two hundred years since an English



The old North Church, with its so-called Paul Revere Tower.

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traveler named Edward Ward thus described the Boston of 1699:

“On the southwest side of Massachusetts Bay is Boston, whose name is taken from a town in Lincolnshire and is the Metropolis of all New England. The houses in some parts joyn, as in London. The buildings, like their women, being neat and handsome. And their streets, like the hearts of the male inhabitants, being paved with pebble.”

The leadership of Boston, during these two centuries, in a thousand works of charity and kindness has completely refuted the hasty censure of this roving Englishman; and it is to be hoped that the Boston of the future, like the Boston of the past, will do its fair share in the development of that ampler American civilization of which all present achievements suggest only the promise and the dawn.

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